Photo *Photolinol Co. Ltd.*

Sapphires for eyes, and for each cheek a rose,
Lips of the ruby, hair of chestnut hue;
Your face with cloudless sunshine ever glows,
And yet you wonder at my love for you!

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"GEE UP."
From the Painting by Davenport Bates.

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FROM · THE · STALLS

Photo Pierce Bamber & Co.

SMAUN SING HPOO.

The Miniature Man.

Smaun Sing Hpoo was born in Burmah twenty-two years ago. He is not a dwarf, but a man in miniature. His height is thirty-four inches, and his weight eighteen pounds. His physical development is remarkably good.

Smaun Sing Hpoo laments the many disabilities he has to undergo owing to his size. "The chairs," he writes, "are too high for my thirty-four inches. The stairs are too big for me to run up. All your table utensils are impossible for me. The world is made for you—not for me. I want to marry—but where is the girl of my size?" Poor Smaun Sing Hpoo, celebrity does not always bring happiness, does it?

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Photo Johnston & Hoffmann.

MAY GATES.

One of the "Gibson Girls."

Mr. Seymour Hicks first saw Miss Gates when she was a model at Jay's, and offered her the *rôle* of a "Gibson Girl" in the "Catch of the Season."

One Friday she left Jay's, and the next day she was behind the footlights at the Vaudeville. Quick work!

At first she found great difficulty in making up, but now she is expert at all such trifles, and if good looks, a sweet voice, and a superb figure are worth anything, she is certain to get on.

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Photo *Lizzie Caswall Smith.*

IRIS HAWKINS.

An Eleven Year Old Comédienne.

This little person is the great attraction of "Everybody's Secret" at the Haymarket Theatre, where, as the pretty little child, she reconciles the hard-hearted grandparents with her loving father and mother.

The day after her first appearance at the Haymarket, little Iris was the recipient of dozens of congratulatory telegrams and letters, not a few of which were addressed to "Master Hawkins!" The only thing that mars her part as a boy is that she cannot wear a certain necklace which was given her by Mr. Gilbert.

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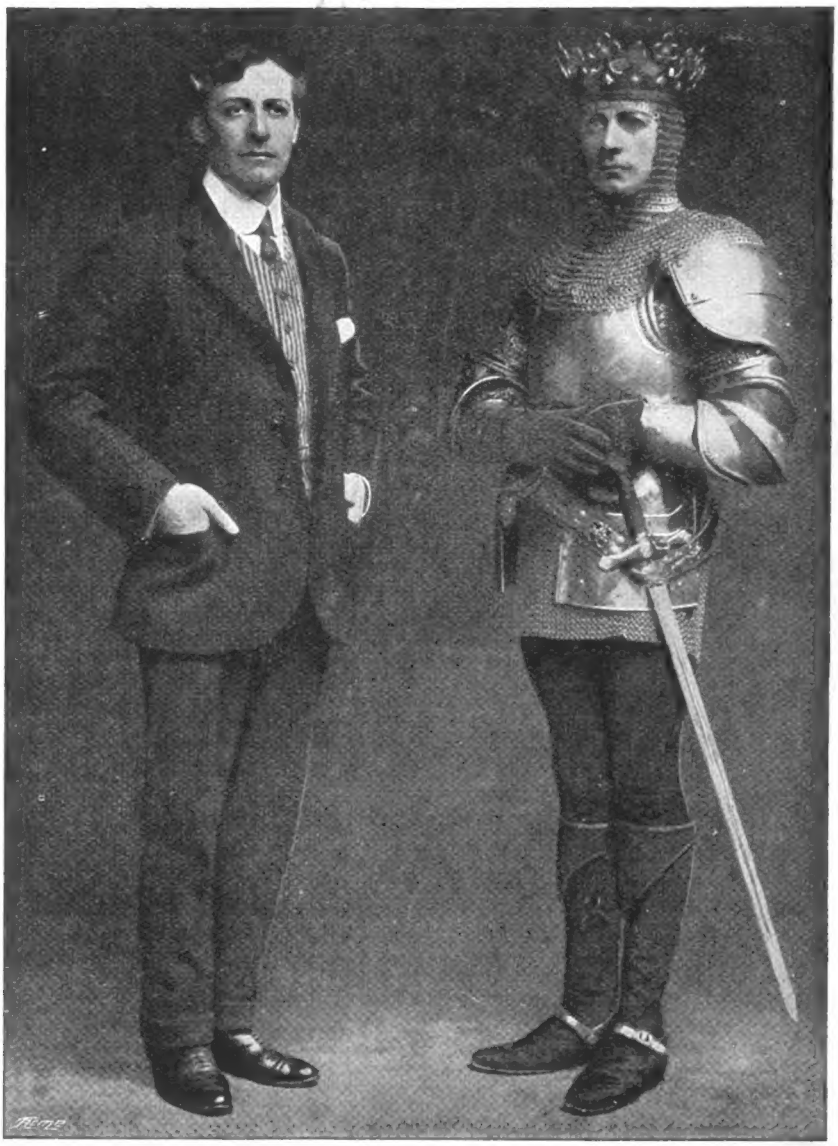

Photos *Langfier.*

LEWIS WALLER.

The Latest Romeo.

Lewis Waller is the most attractive leading man in London and, perhaps, the handsomest. He produced lately Romeo at the Imperial Theatre to the Juliet of Miss Evelyn Millard.

Everyone remembers Lewis Waller's d'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers." A little chain of coincidences hung round that play. On November 3rd, 1628, the real Buckingham was assassinated; Lewis Waller made his initial appearance as the Duke of Buckingham at Her Majesty's Theatre on November 3rd, 1900; on November 3rd, 1898, the actor revived the part of d'Artagnan at the Lyceum; and, finally, Lewis Waller's birthday is November 3rd—a marked day indeed!

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Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

RUBY RAY.

A "Star" in Comedy—Musical and Otherwise.

A musical comedienne with some experience of the more serious work of acting. She went to Australia some time ago as the leading lady in that delightful comedy "A Message from Mars." Then she returned to musical comedy. Ruby Ray is tall and very handsome. She is a quiet girl, with a fund of good humour and a capable talker. Her bulldog is called "Buller" and is a man of few words, but a great friend and a never-tiring source of amusement.

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GAYNOR ROWLANDS.

Gaynor Rowlands played the part of the adventuress in "The Orchid." She has played in "The Messenger Boy," and "The Toreador," and in "My Lady Molly" at Terry's, and has toured in India in musical comedy.

An Indian fortune-teller offered to reveal Gaynor Rowlands' future one day. "Wash your hands," he said, "and press leaves tightly in them. One hand is the sun, the other the moon. Let me see the 'sun.'" The "sun" hand had the numbers 25000 written across it. "That means a legacy of £25,000," added the Indian. "But I want half—and a cheque on account, please!" However, the knave found the lady one better than him—he did *not* get his cheque.

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Photo *Biograph Studio.*

FLORENCE CRASKE and E. WILLIAMS

In the "Dancing Doll" Ballet at the Empire.

"Mein Gretchen," says Master Dutch Dolly Williams, "dere is noddings half so sweet in life ass lofe's yong dream." And no doubt Miss Dutch Dolly Craske heartily agrees with him.

The "Dancing Doll" ballet at the Empire is as pretty a ballet as they have ever put on at that theatre. The scene is a toy shop, and there are dolls by the twenties and thirties—piccaninny dolls, nigger dolls, Tyrolese dolls, Spanish dolls, very proud and disdainful—with all sorts of toy soldiers, and finally Bébé, the dancing doll, played by Adeline Genée herself.

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Photo *Wm. Whiteley Ltd.*

NELL RICHARDSON.

A Dainty Comédienne of the Halls.

Light opera at several theatres, pantomime as principal boy, some more musical comedy in and out of town, and then the halls. That is, in brief, Nell Richardson's stage career.

"It's very hard work," she says, "and the sensations are few and far between. You see, at the halls, if a song does not go well, we have to find a fresh one at once. It's a restless life. I have a little motor car, and I clean it and mend it and drive it myself. When it sticks I have to push it myself into the next town, followed by the jeering crowd. But I am very keen."

Nell Richardson has made a great success with "Echoes," the pretty song by Robert Eden, which is published at sixpence by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., also his song, "There's a Little Cosy Corner in My Heart for You."

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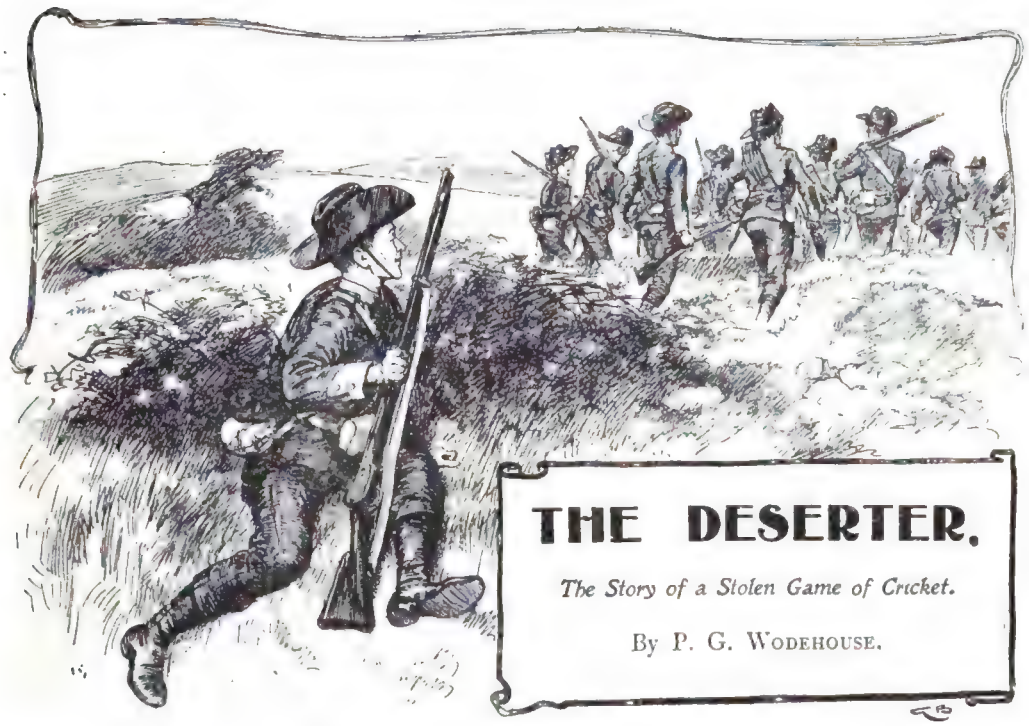

THE DESERTER.

The Story of a Stolen Game of Cricket.

By P. G. Wodehouse.

Jackson, of Spence's house, Wrykyn, was a great and many-sided man. He was at the head of the Wrykyn averages in a season when the team contained six members who subsequently, when years had rolled by, played for their Varsities at Lord's. He was the only Wrykinian who ever got three centuries in first-eleven matches and five extra lessons in the same term. He was the only Wrykinian who ever got a double century in a house match and four hundred lines in the same week.

The fact was that Jackson on the cricket-field was a different person from Jackson off it. On the field he was a genius. Off it he was not.

The consequence was that life for him was apt to be a little feverish, and he made it more so by a confirmed recklessness and love of adventure, which qualities, though they may have made us Englishmen what we are, are somewhat unpopular among the authorities at a public school.

It was the hour of the evening meal; and Jackson, returning to his house after a long afternoon at the nets, found on his plate when he entered the dining-room a letter, which he saw by the writing was from one Neville-Smith. This sportsman had been in the Wrykyn eleven, and had left at the end of the previous summer for Cambridge. He had been at Spence's while at school, and he and Jackson were close allies.

Jackson sawed off a foot or so of the loaf in front of him, bit a semi-circular section out of it, and turned his attention to the letter, with a view to ascertaining what Neville-Smith had got to say for himself.

It was a letter of some import. Neville-Smith, it seemed, home for the long vacation, was getting up a match between his village and the one next to it on the map. That is to say—for there is nothing like accuracy—between Bray Lench and Chalfont St. Peter's.

To the uninitiated it will seem, perhaps, that this was not exactly a Test match. But mark! Round about Chalfont St. Peter's there lived certain of the nobility and gentry. These had sons. And many of the sons knew how to play cricket. There would, to use the imagery of Jackson's correspondent, be no flies on the Chalfont St. Peter's eleven.

It behoved Neville-Smith to collect a hot side in order to beat them. The local curate was an old Blue, a bowler; and Neville-Smith himself had got his cap at Wrykyn as a bowler. So there would be nothing wrong with Bray Lench as

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far as that department of the game was concerned.

It was batsmen that Neville-Smith wanted. He had two King's men staying with him who had done well for the college, and he could get a few more moderate performers. But he wanted a touch of Class to set off the side, so would Jackson come down and play?

The match was fixed for the following Wednesday. Now, there was no school-match on that day; but Jackson knew very well that it was impossible to hope for leave to go and play in a village game twenty miles away. There would be nothing wrong or dangerous in it, but it would be unusual, and to the Wrykyn authorities everything unusual was anathema.

Jackson, however, determined not to refuse the invitation offhand. He would sleep on it in case there might be some way of accepting it which was not apparent to the casual observer. He had not found one by the morning. All he got by sleeping on it was a nightmare, in which he dreamed that he was just scoring heavily at Bray Lench when the opposition wicket-keeper suddenly turned into the headmaster, and denounced him in full field.

But going over to school he met O'Hara, of Dexter's. And, as O'Hara had frequently made useful suggestions in crises, he showed him Neville-Smith's letter, and intimated that all contributions in the way of counsel would be thankfully received.

O'Hara read the letter through, and turned back to the first page to read it again.

"Ye're all right," he said, handing it back.

"Why? How?" said Jackson.

"Ye're in the corps?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Why, look at the address on the letter. Bray something or other, station Ealesbury. There's a field day at Ealesbury on Wednesday."

"Great Scott! So there is. And I was thinking of cutting it. But, half a second. I don't quite see how it works out. I get to Ealesbury with the corps all right sometime in the morning, I suppose—about half-past eleven. Then what happens?"

"Do ye know the country round there? Find your way all right to Neville-Smith's?"

"Oh, yes."

"That's all you want then. You'll easily find a chance of falling out and cutting away. Then you nip off, have your match, and meet the corps at the station. You'll have to take your chance of being spotted."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said Jackson. "There's always such a dickens of a crush and confusion at the station after a field day getting the chaps into the train that I shan't be noticed. Thanks awfully, O'Hara. I'll write to Smith to-night. He'll have to lend me some things to play in, but I suppose he'll be able to manage that."

"If only I were in the corps," said O'Hara, "I'd come, too."

"See what you miss," said Jackson.

An answer to Neville-Smith's letter left Wrykyn that evening. It set forth fully the difficulties and perils which must be encountered by flood and field, laid stress, however, on the fact that the master who acted as lieutenant in the school corps was astigmatic, and might be relied on not to notice a defection from the ranks, and strictly enjoined the recipient to render all possible help to the scheme. Above all, to meet the train at Ealesbury.

When the corps detrained on the following Wednesday they found waiting outside the station two other school corps, a detachment of the local volunteers, and Neville-Smith, wearing flannels and sitting in a neat dog-cart.

"We're playing in our field," said Neville-Smith to Jackson in the interval which took place between the departure of the train and the forming of the corps into a workable unit of the attacking force. "I got your letter. I've got some things for you to wear. Isn't it a ripping day? There'll be tea in the afternoon. It's a big match. Everybody's coming."

Jackson grinned expansively. The word "tea" always stirred chords within his bosom.

"We've only got ten men at present," continued Neville-Smith. "The curate's promised to rout out another, though. Oh, by the way, you'll go down on the score-sheet as Johnson. T. W. Johnson. Don't forget. And I've told my people you're a college friend of mine, and you're just breaking your journey to London to play in the match."

"Great Scott!" said Jackson plaintively. "I can't remember all that. Say it again. Where did I start the journey I've broken?"

At this moment the excited voice of the Wrykyn sergeant-major was heard.

"Cum'ny—*shun!* Farm-farrs-'s-you-were-smartly-now-at-the-word-of-command-farm-*farrs-kick-arch*," said the sergeant-major."

Jackson dived into his place, and the column moved off.

"I say," said Neville-Smith, as Jackson left

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him, "I'll follow you in the cart till you leave the road. Fall out as soon as you can, and you'll find me waiting for you."

It appeared that the army of which the Wrykyn corps formed a part was to trek across country in the direction of Chalfont St. Peter's, which, for reasons of their own, the opposing force had occupied, and was resolved to hold. Chalfont St. Peter's lay between Ealesbury and Bray Lench.

For half a mile the corps advanced down the road in fours, followed by Neville-Smith, or, to be sensational, Dogged by a Dog-cart! Then they turned through a gate into a wide gorse-covered common.

Jackson was in the rear-rank four, so that when he sat down and observed "Ow!" in a melancholy voice, he did not excite a great deal of attention.

"Something in my boot," he explained, beginning to unlace his footgear.

Jackson sat where he was till the column had passed out of sound and sight. Then he made his way cautiously into the road. At the same moment a vigorous fusilade began in the woods at the far end of the common. The corps were in action.

"So *they've* got something to occupy their minds," said Jackson, trotting down the road. "Now, where's Smith got to?"

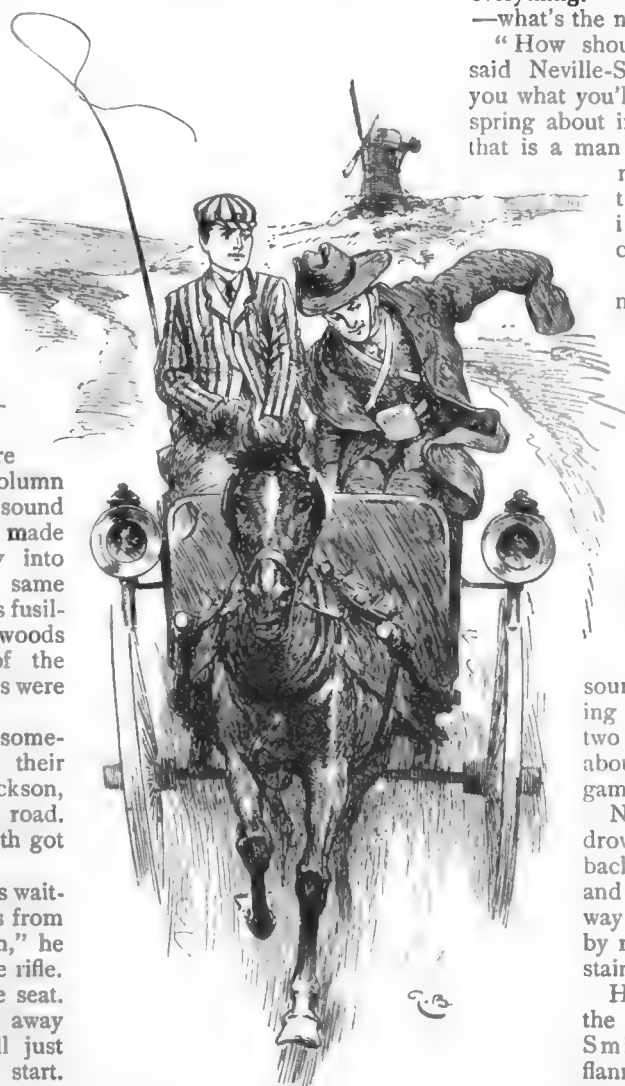
Neville-Smith was waiting a hundred yards from the gate. "Hop in," he said. "Give us the rifle. Shove it against the seat. Good man, getting away so soon. We shall just be in time for the start. Now, then, Pickford," he added encouragingly to the pony, "bustle about, and show what you're made of."

"I say," said Jackson; "about this uniform: I mustn't be seen. We can't go in the front way. What shall we do?"

"That's all right," said Neville-Smith, "I thought of that. Reach behind you, and you'll find a long dust-coat. I brought it on purpose; and there's a King's straw there, too. Put 'em on, and nobody'll spot your uniform. Shove your hat in the pocket of the coat."

"You're a genius," said Jackson joyfully, as he wriggled into the coat. "You think of everything. You're a sort of —what's the man's name?"

"How should I know?" said Neville-Smith. "I tell you what you'll be like if you spring about in this cart, and that is a man with a broken neck. You'll be tumbling out if you aren't careful."



"Put 'em on, and nobody'll spot your uniform. Shove your hat in the pocket of the coat."

A drive of five miles through pleasant lanes brought them to the lodge gates of the Neville-Smith residence, and through the trees to the left Jackson caught an occasional cheering glimpse of white flannels, and heard the sound of bat meeting ball, as the two teams knocked about before the game.

Neville-Smith drove round to the back of the house, and they made their way to his bedroom by mysterious back stairs.

Having arrived at the room, Neville-Smith produced flannels and boots, and Jackson was soon out of his

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uniform, which had long since begun to be hot and uncomfortable, and arrayed in garments more suitable to the boiling day. He was lacing his last boot, when there was a grating of wheels on the drive outside.

Neville-Smith looked out.

"It's the curate," he said. "Good, he's brought a man with him all right. Now the side's complete. Come on."

* * * * *

The sun was still shining gloriously, and it may be said at once that Jackson enjoyed his afternoon. It was an ideal day for cricket; the wicket was not terribly bad, and a gentle breeze tempered the heat sufficiently to make run-getting a pleasing occupation. Bray Lench won the toss, and Jackson accompanied Neville-Smith to the wickets. The bowling was of the sort usual at country-house cricket matches.

There was a long fast bowler and a short slow bowler. The fast bowler had four men in the slips, took a run of twenty yards, and sent down three full pitches to leg in his first three balls. Jackson, praising his luck, steered each of the trio to the extreme limit of the ground, to the marked discomfort of certain pheasants that were nesting in that neighbourhood.

With the slow bowler, who spent several minutes in arranging his field, and several more in sending down preliminary balls to the wicket-keeper, and then gave Jackson an innocuous long hop wide of the off-stump, he also took tea. The applause from the tent was soft and decorous, but frequent. Jackson had made a century off good bowling a week before, and was inclined to take liberties with the deliveries of Chalfont St. Peter's.

Neville-Smith ran himself out, but Jackson, partnered by the curate, continued to worry the nesting pheasants. The eighth wicket fell with the score at sixty-one. By the exercise of immense care the last two men continued to stay in for a few overs, until Jackson had compiled eighty-three; then they succumbed, leaving Jackson not out with a very pretty innings to his credit.

He felt, as he walked back to the tent, that this was life as it should be lived. He had enjoyed his afternoon.

On Chalfont St. Peter's going in to bat, the demon curate, the ex-Blue, performed prodigies with the ball. Jackson held a

"We were just going to plump straight into the ambush when up comes Jackson, salutes, and gives information of the whereabouts of the trap."

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nice catch on the boundary; and wickets began to fall rapidly. A stand half-way through the innings caused some trouble, but once more Jackson held a lofty drive, and the one dangerous batsman of the enemy left with fifty-two to his credit.

It was now late in the afternoon, and Jackson, who, in his usual casual way, had hitherto not given the matter a thought, began to wonder when and how he was to rejoin his wandering fellow-Wrykinians. As far as he could remember from previous field-days, the train by which the corps returned was a late one. But it would not do to run the thing too fine. He would have to leave the field shortly.

* * * *

Just as the Chalfont St. Peter's innings came to an end, a good twenty-five runs behind the Bray Lench total, there was borne on the breeze the noise of battle. The combatants were working round in the direction of the Neville-Smith's territory.

Jackson was eating a soothing ice apart from the crowd when a scrap of conversation between a new arrival and his hostess reached him.

". . . . Yes, isn't it? Awfully exciting. It's a sham fight. And there are ever so many boys in blue waiting in that wood over there. We saw them. It's an ambush, somebody said. And the other boys will march into the wood, and these boys will pounce out, and then the other boys will have lost. At least, Captain Mainwaring said so. I'll get him to explain. He does it so *well*, you know. He was in South Africa, you know. Captain *Main*-waring. Mr. Neville-Smith wants to know . . . ."

Five minutes later Jackson was in Neville-Smith's room, doing a rapid change of costume.

* * * *

"You always say that Jackson is such a fool off the cricket-field," said Mr. Templar, the lieutenant of the Wrykyn corps to another member of the staff in the common-room on the following day, when they were donning their gowns before prayers, "but you should have been with us yesterday. I tell you that boy can use his brains."

Incredulous murmur from colleague.

"Yes, he can. He thinks for himself; and acts, too. It was the smartest bit of scouting I've ever seen," continued Mr. Templar enthusiastically, for his heart was bound up with the corps. "But for him we should have been wiped out.

"It was like this. We were advancing. Main body of enemy here where this inkpot is. We were coming along here. This pen-holder shows our route. Well, just where I've put this box of nibs was a wood, and in it were hiding a large force of the enemy. We were just going to plump straight into the ambush when up comes Jackson, salutes, and gives the information of the whereabouts of the trap. How he got it without being captured I can't think. They were hidden completely. He must have stalked them like an Indian.

"The curious thing is that he is not one of our regular scouts. In fact, I can't remember sending him to scout at all. I must have done it, and forgotten. Anyhow, being prepared for the ambush, we moved up carefully, outflanked them, and captured every one of them. There were about two hundred. Of course, after that it was a walk over. I tell you that boy is not such a fool as he looks."

"Hang it, Templar," protested his colleague, "I never went so far as to accuse him of being *that*."

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The World Through Other Eyes

No. XVII.—THE MOTOR RACER.

A Description of the Thrilling Sensations Experienced in a Great Motor Race.

By Cecil Edge.

As the Derby to the Turf, so is the Gordon-Bennett Cup to the devotee of the automobile—the blue riband of the motor-racing world. The competition, as all are aware, is an international one, and annually trials are held, under the auspices of the leading motorists' organisations of each country concerned, for the purposes of choosing, by the process of elimination, the team which shall uphold the national credit in the actual race. By one of the conditions governing the contest the race is held always in the country of the nation winning the Cup in the previous year; this giving some advantage to the holders, and affording them a reasonable chance of retaining their honours.

Needless to say, the expense incurred by the arrangements for the great race are enormous. The preparation of the roads, the proper control of the course, the army of officials, mechanics, and other attendants—all these entail an immense outlay. In addition must be reckoned the expense to the motor manufacturers who wish to have their cars represented in the race. A racing car of high horse-power, that on the open road will show a clean pair of heels to the fastest locomotive that ever ran on rails, is not to be built "for a few pence."

It needs very little imagination to perceive that the sensations of the racing automobilist, rushing like the wind over the earth in his chariot of speed, are such as fall to the lot of no other man. In the following pages an attempt has been made to describe, though at best but lamely, the peculiar point of view which the competitor in a race for the Gordon Bennett Cup enjoys.

At the starting-point the scene is one of tense excitement. The long, uncouth racing-cars are assembled there, and in them, be-goggled and disguised so that they look more like motor-gnomes than men, squat the drivers and their satellites. One by one they are timed off at equi-distant intervals, each car bounding forward at the starter's word, and vanishing on the instant, as a stone hurled from a sling.

It is my turn next, and the great car is throbbing and panting to be off. In front of me, as I crouch in my low seat, is the steering pillar, the wheel of which I grip tightly in my hands. With my head thrust forward and my eyes gazing fixedly ahead, I wait for the crucial moment.

"Half a minute to go!" says the starter, with a glance at the chronometer in his hand.

I shift my position a trifle, in order to ease a slightly cramped muscle.

"Ten seconds to go!"

My heart is beating furiously, but my nerve is steady and my brain cool as ice. I take a yet firmer grip of the steering wheel, and with every muscle stretched taut, listen for the final word. The tension is painful. The seconds drag like hours, and with my whole system tight-strung, it seems to me as though something must snap if relief does not immediately come. Then the starter's

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voice breaks in again, and his monotonous tones are as a sedative.

"Five, four, three, two, one, go!"

Brakes off, clutch in, and we are gone. The throbbing monster leaps forward. Before a hundred yards have been covered she is eating up the ground at sixty miles an hour.

It might be thought that the sudden transition from a stationary position to this terrific rate of speed would necessitate such a jolt at starting as would fling me from my seat. 'Tis only the bad driver, however, who starts his car so. A jar, of course, there must be, but it should not be a jolt.

The car starts, as a matter of fact, quite slowly. It is the immeasurable rapidity with which its speed increases, exactly parallel with that of an arrow leaving the bow, that causes the smooth jerk, if one may employ the phrase, which the driver and his chauffeur feel at the start. It is as though I had received, suddenly and without warning, a push (not a blow) from behind of incredible strength and violence.

The road stretches away before us—a broad white ribbon, down the middle of which I have to guide the nose of the great, leaping, *live* thing beneath me. My gaze never swerves to right or left—straight ahead my eyes stare fixedly.

Nevertheless—though my impressions of them are of necessity somewhat blurred as they flash by with lightning rapidity—the objects that we pass are all plainly visible. My range of vision, for all that my eyes hold so tenaciously to one point, is wide. The hedges, the banks, the scattered onlookers, the cottagers at their doors—all I note subconsciously as they rush past me.

But though I see all, my attention is in no wise distracted. My dual consciousness is busily at work. With the one mental process, as it were, my brain is concentrated upon the task of driving and steering; with the other it receives and retains these fleeting impressions of the external objects we pass on either hand.

For a short distance there lies a stretch of straight road ahead, and on its top speed—ninety miles an hour or more—the car bounds forward with magical swiftness. The passenger inside an express railway train, as he peers through the window at the racing panorama, marvels to himself at the flying pace at which he is being borne along. His emotions, however, are but second-hand. He does not *feel* the rapidity of his motion, and were it not that he knows for a fact that the train is travelling at such and such a speed, he would never realise it.

Even the engine driver, standing on the footplate within the shelter of the "cab," scarcely realises the full pace of his iron horse.

There lies the difference with the motorist on a racing car. He experiences to the full the physical sensations of terrific speed. With my cap pulled well down over my head, thick rolls of cloth tied under my chin sheltering my ears from dust, but not covering them, and a mackintosh wrapped closely round me, I crouch low in my seat. The rush of wind is stupendous, but the fore-part of the car—the long-bodied engine casing—acts as some protection.

My eyes are guarded by goggles, for even were there no dust, the whistling wind would bring water to the naked eye and blind it effectually.

Throbbing and panting like a live thing, the car rushes onward with fearful leaps and bounds. No easy task to guide her under such conditions. The slightest touch of the steering wheel suffices, at that pace, to deflect her from her course.

With the wheel tight-clutched in my grip, I become one as it were with the car: an integral part of its machinery: the two of us inseparably welded. I am the brain, the guiding and controlling nerve-centre of the automobile's complex system.

It is seldom, however, that the car can be kept running at full speed for long. Hardly has she lengthened her stride before a green banner or flag, suspended across the road, gives warning that within a few hundred yards a corner will have to be turned. A racing car will do wonderful things, but to take a sharp curve at ninety miles an hour is rather beyond its capabilities. The laws of dynamics and other such unsurmountable things forbid.

But though the speed is reduced, we turn the corner at a flying pace. Round swerves the great monster, heeling over on the outer side till the inside wheels are lifted off the ground, and she rushes round on the outer pair. It is a common thing in drawings of an automobile taking a curve at high speed, to see the car depicted as tilted towards the *inside* of the curve, swerving round on the *inside* wheels.

And most people, imagining the scene to themselves, would picture it in the same way. Of course, a greater fallacy could not exist, as a reflection upon the most elementary laws of dynamics shows clearly.

As the car approaches a curve, its momentum has the effect of dragging it on in

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a direct course. The guiding wheels, turned towards the curve or corner, steer it in another direction. The obvious result of these two divided forces is to pull the car over on to its *outside* wheels, running upon which it describes a curve until once more in the straight track.

Theoretically, such is the manner in which an automobile turns a corner; but in practice, at a high rate of speed, her behaviour is somewhat different. When about half way round the corner (the driver having steered as close to the inside as possible), the car will generally slide across the road, the back wheels skidding rather further and faster than the front ones and clearing the angle in so doing; the driver sets a straight course once more, and is off again like the bolt from a cross-bow.

At stated intervals, as all are aware who have read reports of the races for the Gordon-Bennett Cup in previous years, the course is intercepted by "controls," these being circumscribed areas within which the competitor is obliged to pull up for a certain period. The proximity of a "control" is signalled by a red and green flag suspended over the roadway. This warns the competitor that within 100 yards distance he will be required to stop. A red flag, displayed at the entrance to a control, signifies "Halt."

As the competitor enters the control and brings his car to a standstill, the foreman of the tyre mechanics in attendance approaches him with the query "All right?" to which the competitor answers in the affirmative or negative as the case may be.

At the same time, water is thrown over the wheels of the car to cool them, and each wheel is then seized by a mechanic, who carefully examines it and feels it all over. Any damage sustained is promptly repaired, and the competitor meanwhile is served with biscuits, fruit, chocolate, drink, or any other sustenance he may desire.

A cyclist is in readiness to lead the way to the far end of the control, and all being in readiness, the timekeeper gives the word. It wants three minutes yet, perhaps, before the control may be left, and the competitor proceeds, therefore, to the other end of the proscribed area. The cyclist acts as pacemaker, an endeavour being made to arrive at the re-starting point as nearly on time as possible.

A second timekeeper is in waiting at the far end of the control. A few seconds have still to go, and the panting car pauses. Mechanics stand by with pails of water in their hands.

"Three, two, one, *Go!*" says the timekeeper.

At the word the water is dashed over my wheels, and with a mighty bound we leap forward on the next stage of our journey.

Presently a steep hill looms in front, a long, straight incline, seeming, as we approach it, to rise sheer almost from the level road over which we are flying. A sight to rejoice the heart this; for, paradoxical as it may sound to the uninitiated, it is in going uphill that a racing car travels quickest. So tremendously fast do the wheels revolve that on a level road a great deal of "road-slip" is inevitable. In climbing a steep gradient, the wheels bite the surface better, and it follows (since the weight of a racing car, as compared with its enormous horse-power, is a negligible quantity) that the pace increases.

Of all the sensations which fall to the lot of the passenger upon a racing automobile, there is none to equal that of ascending a steep hill. Overhead, the horizontal skyline marks the crest of the ridge. The long engine-casing is tilted up before me, and as we shoot up the slope towards the empty sky beyond the ridge, I feel as though I were astride of a rocket-stick that has just been fired from earth. Beyond the sharply defined summit of the hill I cannot see, and though I know that in a few moments we shall be flying down the descent upon the other side, I cannot get out of my head the contrary conviction that the car will never keep the road, and get over the crest.

Just as the mariner in a storm, watching his ship climb a colossal sea, feels sure, against his own knowledge, that she will never ride over it, so it sticks in my mind that when the summit of the slope is reached we shall fly off at a tangent, and go hurtling through boundless space upward, and still upward.

The illusion is due to the impression which the clear-cut skyline conveys of a razor-edge summit to the hill. In reality, of course, the steepest hill has a rounded apex, which is no more difficult for a car to travel round than a moderate curve to the right or left on a level road. Even as I prepare for the aerial flight which seems inevitable as we shoot uphill, I suddenly perceive the car to be again in normal position. The instant after she tips forward and downward, and we are dropping down hill, like a stone rolled over a precipitous mountain side.

Delicate as is the task of steering at racing speed upon a level road, that is but child's

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A racing car rounding a curve. Notice that the *inside* wheels leave the ground. When half way round the corner the car slides across the road, the back wheels skidding faster than the front ones.

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play compared with the ticklish job of passing a competitor. At the last "control" we learnt, on inquiry as to how long ago the car ahead of us had left, that we were gaining fast. With luck we shall pass him before the next stoppage.

Long before we come in sight of him, I can detect the proximity of the rival I am seeking to overhaul. There is dust in the air, though it is not visible. I cannot see it, but in some manner, as unmistakable as it is unaccountable, I can feel it. The goggles protect my eyes, the ear-rolls of my cap shield my ears, but none the less the presence of the invisible dust is indisputable. Instinctively, as it were, I can tell that another car is no great distance ahead.

As we round the corner and enter upon a straight stretch, we come in sight of her. Very little is visible, however, through the great cloud of enveloping dust. All that I make out is the rear end of the car, with perhaps the head of her driver showing like an excrescent knob above. 'Tis sufficient, however, for identification; for painted in huge figures on the back of each car is its proper number, and I know at once who it is that I am trying to overtake.

All cannot be going well with him, I think to myself, for his speed, fast as it is, is less than it should be. The distance between us lessens. My own trusty car is running grandly, and she bounds along in pursuit like a fierce greyhound at the heels of a tiring hare.

But before we can come right up, the quarry doubles (to continues the metaphor) round a corner, and for the moment I am baffled. I dare not take the curve at my present speed, and must, perforce, slow down. By the time we are once more into our stride, my rival has managed to get well ahead.

Again we overhaul him: again the green flag warns us of a corner, and delays us. At length a long stretch favours us, and creeping up we are presently panting at his tail. He draws to one side, and a clear passage is left to us.

Now is the moment for the nerve of iron and the wrist of flexible steel! A hair's breadth to the right and we are wrecked on the roadside: a hair's breadth to the left and both cars are hurled to perdition! I set my teeth and make a dash for it. Hesitation for an instant would be fatal. As we forge by I catch a blurred impression of the rival car and its occupants, though my forward gaze never falters.

My companion, as he flashes by, gets a more comprehensive glance, and turns to me exultantly.

"They're out of it!" he yells in my ear.

At the next "control" I find that I am gaining steadily on time, and we start upon the next stage with high hopes.

And so the race goes on. Since the result depends upon the time test, the competitor is deprived (except when pursuing a belated rival between the controls, or being passed himself by a speedier car) of that excitement which a wheel-to-wheel struggle would afford, were it possible to start the cars simultaneously and abreast. Nevertheless, the nervous tension is great, and at every control the interest is maintained by information as to how the race is going.

Accidents, of course, there are in plenty, and lucky is the man who survives the race without mishap of any kind. The perils of motor racing have been but too often demonstrated, and the terrible risks which everyone must incur who would run a race with the wind need not be here discussed. Apart from these grave dangers there are many minor mishaps to encounter.

Perchance, when all seems going well, a hideous tearing, rattling noise startles me. The car bumps horribly. A hurried glance over my shoulder reveals the tyre of my off back wheel flat and flabby. Punctured! Two courses of action are open to me, and I must decide quickly. Either I must keep on as I am and make the best of my way on three sound tyres and the rim of the fourth wheel to the next "control," or I must lose five minutes in repairing the damage on the spot. If more than a mile or so from the control the latter is the only course. The car is stopped by the roadside, and we leap to the ground. The wheel is jacked up, the burst tyre ripped off and a spare one fixed on and inflated as fast as pumps will work. Then on again, to make up, if possible, with increased speed, the precious time so lost.

Lucky is the man who punctures when nearly arrived at a control. Though his speed is much decreased, he loses less time in driving on than in stopping to effect repairs himself. At the control are the tyre mechanics in waiting to relieve him of the task, and with cylinders of compressed air they can inflate the fresh tyre more speedily than the strongest pump ever carried.

* * * * *

The motor racer! Hard things have been said against him; harder, it may be, still remain to be said. Let them talk; they do not understand!

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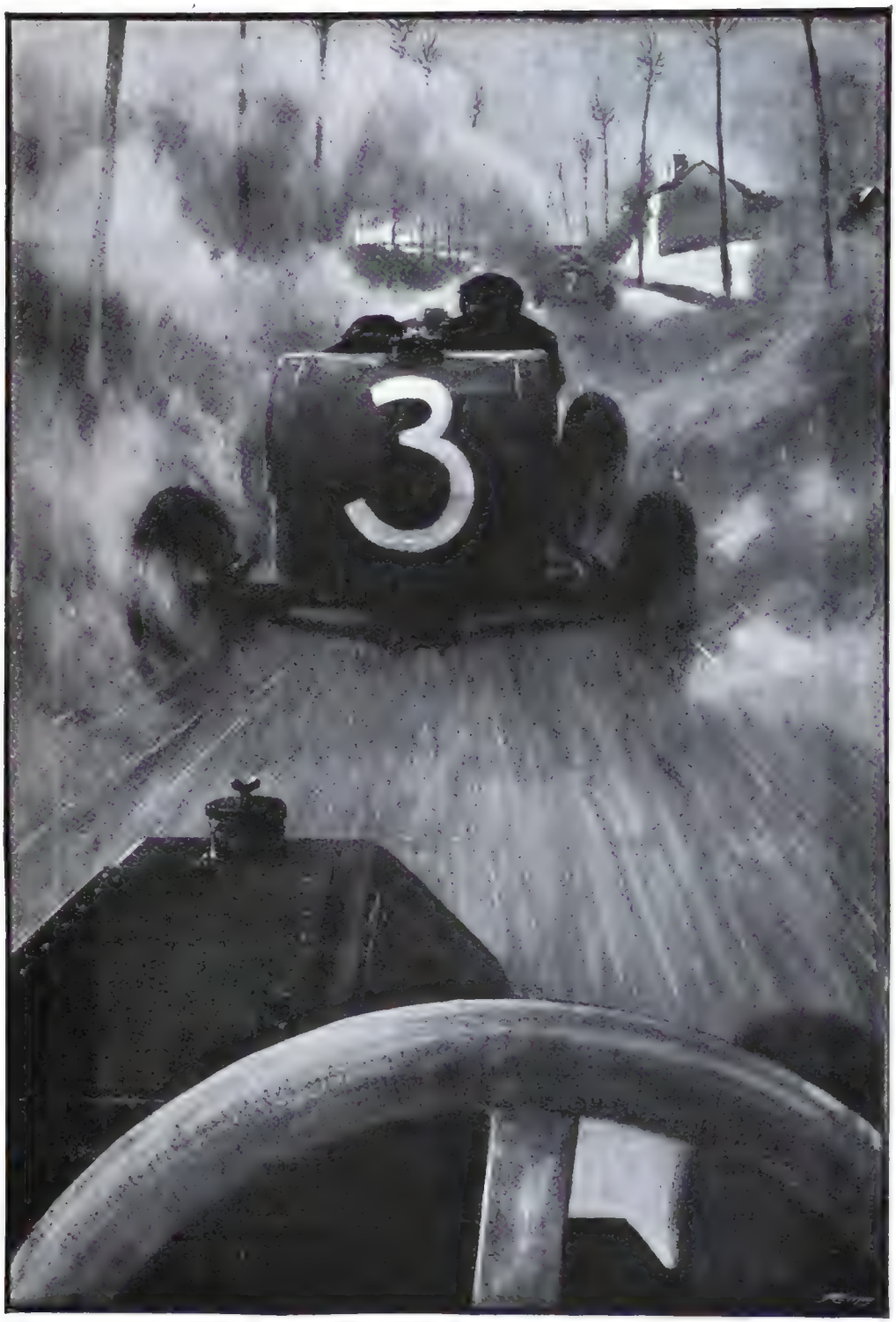

How a car appears to the driver of an overtaking vehicle. It requires the greatest skill and most iron nerve to pass another car when racing. The slightest quiver of the wrist would cause an appalling smash.

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The Duke's Descendant

The Story of how an Unwelcome Guest was Made Welcome.

By John Trask.

It was Evelyn who brought it on us.

Evelyn had been visiting the Montmorencys, in London, for several months, and we had been feeling ever since she came home that we ought to be more fashionable. It was lovely to be back with us again, she told us—lovely to get back into the country. But there was a new and different air about her; we felt it before she had been in the house half an hour. Mother had made ever so many little changes to surprise her when she came.

I had covered new cushions for the drawing-room, and Beth—Beth is the youngest, I come in between her and Evelyn—had been out in the garden all the morning picking flowers for vases. We were rather well pleased with the results of our handiwork ourselves, but all that Evelyn said, as she walked about from room to room, with one arm around my waist and the other around Beth's, was: "How small the house seems, Jess!"

"A quarter to six!" she exclaimed, as we sat in mother's room that afternoon, listening while she told about her trip. "I must stop talking or I won't have time to dress for dinner. My box hasn't come yet, but I have my pongee in my bag."

She had put on a fresh blouse for lunch, and was looking unusually nice.

"Why, you're all right as you are," we told her, but she shook her head. To change our blouses and do our hair again neatly was the only dressing that we had ever been accustomed to for dinner, unless, of course, we had people to dine with us or were going out. Mother seemed a little flurried, and took Beth aside to ask if she had put a vase of flowers on the table. Evelyn came trailing down in her pongee, and a bow with long ends on the front of the dress that had not been there when she went away from home, and with a flower in her hair.

I saw Evelyn frown when old Mary came lumbering in, as she had always done, to put the dinner on the table, although she smiled directly after.

"What lovely roses, Beth," she said. "Was it you that cut them? We ought to have one of those tall glasses with the slender stems for them."

The Montmorencys, she told us, had candles with coloured shades on their dinner table at night, one at every place. They gave such a becoming light, and made everything look so pretty. The Montmorencys' candlesticks were silver, of course, but there were glass ones that it would be nice for us to get. Everybody ought to have them.

We usually sat in the dining-room after dinner and sewed while Beth read aloud; but this evening Evelyn lit the big lamp in the drawing-room and drummed on the piano some new things that she had learnt, while we sat around and pretended to enjoy it. It may have been a fashionable evening, but it was very stupid. When we went up to our room, Beth and I, I stood before the glass rather dejectedly and twisted my hair, to see if I couldn't get a wave like Evelyn's into my straight locks, and Beth, the honest, cried.

It was after Evelyn had been at home a week or two that the letter came.

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"Nothing for you, Jess," Beth said as she came upstairs with the envelope in her hand. "Something from London for Eve."

"Mrs. Montmorency, of course," Evelyn said.

Beth sat down on the edge of Evelyn's bed —letters were rather common property at our house—and I waited at the door. We saw Evelyn's face change as she read. "Oh dear, oh dear!" she said. "What shall we do?"

"What is it?" we asked. Evelyn was sitting with the letter in her lap, the picture of despair.

Mrs. Montmorency has invited a young man out here to see us," she fairly wailed, "and how *can* we have him? He's a descendant of the Duke of Castleford, and he's going to stay to dinner. Why, they eat off silver dishes! Listen to this:

"MY DEAR EVELYN,—

"Now I want you girls to behave your very prettiest. My young friend Cyprian Torre is to stay for a night in Fenton (Fenton is our town) on Wednesday week, and I have told him that you are going to invite him up to dinner. You met him, you remember, at the card-party at our house, and at Lady Thornton's. He's an awfully nice fellow, and comes of the best kind of people—can trace his family way back to the Duke of Castleford or someone. Now give him just the best sort of a time.

"Yours in haste,

"AMELIA MONTMORENCY.

"P.S.—I'm giving a luncheon at Prince's for the Orchid Club to-day."

Beth and I were as much aghast as Evelyn, I will confess. I had swift and sickening visions of the Duke of Castleford's descendant—for such we dubbed him—rattling up our little narrow drive in a cab. I could see Mary ushering him into the drawing-room, where he would probably sit in the chair we all avoided, because it was weak in the springs. "Oh, dear!" we groaned in unison; and "I'm so much in debt to Mrs. Montmorency," Evelyn moaned.

"There isn't a thing that Mary cooks," she said, "that's fit to set before him. Why, they have seven courses, girls, at Mrs. Montmorency's, and the Montmorencys don't consider that even they live in style. They call themselves plain people. I suppose that this young man has been living on the tongues of nightingales."

"You'll have to go down first to meet him, Evelyn," I gloated. "You're the only one that knows him."

"And sit by him at dinner," Beth averred.

"And take," I concluded, "the whole responsibility, in every way. This is no fault of ours."

"We will all," Evelyn said firmly, "do the best we can to pass this off as well as possible. But I don't see how it's going to be done at all."

Evelyn wrote Mr. Torre that she hoped nothing would prevent his saying that he would take dinner with us on the following Wednesday. And nothing did. Although we hoped against hope, Evelyn received a note from him saying that he would come.

I will not attempt to describe the week we spent in getting a dinner ready for the Duke of Castleford's descendant, and the drawing-room in which he was to sit, and the hall through which he was to walk.

Evelyn had mother so worked up about the grandeur of the Montmorencys, and the obligation she was under, that mother actually had the new stair carpet, that we were going to have when we did the spring cleaning, put down in time for the dinner. She bought a pair of portières, to match it, for the door between the drawing-room and the hall.

"The new carpet made the old curtains look so dull," she said.

We had two etchings, that had been put away in a box, framed for the drawing-room, to fill a space that had always looked rather bare.

"We must have wine," Evelyn declared. "People in London don't know what a dinner is without it. Claret is inexpensive and yet good form." So Beth bought some claret-glasses. Evelyn took the trap, and went to town, looking for candlesticks, and finally borrowed them from an old lady in the village.

Evelyn decided to ask her friend, Louise Potter, to dinner, to make the number at table even. "Lou will be a great help," she said; "she's such a talker. These Society people always talk to someone who can rattle on."

Evelyn was to sit at the head of the table—where she had always sat since father died; mother, of course, at the foot; Mr. Torre and Lou Potter on one side, and Beth and I on the other. By half-past five on Wednesday afternoon every saltspoon was in place.

"Don't give Mary any more directions, or she'll forget all I have told her," Evelyn admonished us just before the guest was expected. We were all of us tired out and cross. "And of all things, mother, don't look as though you were continually on the jump."

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"I hear his cab wheels," Beth announced, flying into the kitchen, where I was trying nervously to cut the cake into thin slices, despite the raisins. But it was only the caterer with the ice-cream.

"There he is," Evelyn said, as a ring was heard at the front-door. "Has Mary her white apron on?" She glanced at her hair in the glass in the overmantel.

Mary went to the door; but it was a woman's voice that we heard—Mrs. Potter's. We all went out into the hall. Lou's throat had been sore all day, Mrs. Potter told us, and she had been obliged to go to bed. She was *so* sorry to miss dining with us. We condoled with Mrs. Potter, and looked at one another with blank faces after she had left. We realised how much we had been depending on Lou's "rattling on." Evelyn's face wore an expression of, "Well, this is the first drop in the cup!"

"You'll have to sit by Mr. Torre, Jess," she said. "Beth wouldn't say a word."

"I wish he were safely home again," I snapped. I was on the verge of tears.

It was neither Mary nor Evelyn who encountered Mr. Torre first, for all our managing—but Beth. Hearing the thud of the evening paper on the porch, Beth, off her guard for a moment, had slipped to the door, and there he was.

"One might have known," Evelyn said, "that it would have to happen in just some such way as that."

"Oh, thank you!" Evelyn and I, in the dining-room, could hear Beth saying in a high-pitched, nervous tone. He had evidently picked up the paper. "Won't you come in?"

"Presumably he will," Evelyn said between her teeth, "since he's invited here to dinner."

"I'll go and tell Evelyn," Beth was assuring him, to make good her escape, "that you're here."

"I've met him twice," Evelyn continued, "in a crowd. He's probably wondering who Evelyn is."

"We can have dinner in ten minutes, Evelyn," mother whispered bustling. "I'll come in and meet him as soon as Mary's ready with the soup."

"I'll come in when mother does," I said.

We could hear a faint murmur of conversation from the drawing-room after Evelyn had gone in.

"He's awfully good-looking," Beth declared.

Evelyn introduced him when we went into the drawing-room with the Society air that she had brought from Mrs. Montmorency's, and Mr. Torre expressed his profound pleasure at the meeting. He was, as Beth had said, good-looking, but stiff. Our deepest-dyed imaginings had been no worse than the reality when it came.

Words fail me to describe the horror of that meal. The table looked prettier than our table had ever looked before, with roses in a tall vase in the centre, and Evelyn's glass candlesticks with pink shades at the places. The dinner was as good, I think that I can safely say, as any that Mr. Torre would have had at Mrs. Montmorency's, and Mary—thanks to Evelyn's drilling—carried in and carried out the seven courses without a blunder, except for a biscuit rolling off the dish. The trouble was with ourselves.

"You say that you are a relative of the Castlefords, Mr. Torre?" mother asked, when we were seated. "A nephew?"

Mother had a way of gleaning an idea from our scraps of conversation, and coming out with it in such a way as this. Beth happened to be sipping water from her tumbler, and came near choking.

Mr. Torre explained elaborately that his great-great-grandfather was related to the Castlefords, and after he had finished with his explanation we all sipped water for awhile.

Evelyn hoped that he had had a pleasant afternoon in Fenton, and he said he had.

Things came to such a pass that I seriously considered setting the candle-shade next me afire, to see if it would melt the ice. Things went a little better, of course, after we had rallied our resources.

I had felt like a sneak when I slipped down to the sitting-room that afternoon and had read up all that I could find in the Society and sporting columns of the paper.

But after Evelyn had finished talking about the Royal Yacht Club Regatta, I concluded that the game was fair, and began on the annual flower-show.

Evelyn and I dovetailed into each other neatly, and kept it going by sheer force of will. We seemed to have agreed to a nicety on what would be the most likely to be suited to Mr. Torre's tastes.

Evelyn remarked that the dance given by the Duchess of Penthurst the evening before must have been a very brilliant affair—which started a short thread of conversation.

But our case was desperate. Moreover, Mr. Torre, although he listened to what we said with a degree of attention which was almost painful, had very little to say himself.

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Strained as it was, we were beginning to think that the dinner might be passing off in such a way that Mr. Torre would, at least, forget it, when, turning suddenly at a remark that I addressed to him, he upset his coffee-cup.

A brown stream shot across the table-cloth towards Beth, who was opposite, and who, when she saw it coming, jumped and screamed. When it splashed down the front of her new frock, Evelyn tried to laugh the mishap off, as though Beth had a dozen dresses like it, and was only glad of the chance to thin out her wardrobe—in the way they would undoubtedly have done at Mrs. Montmorency's — but that was not the slightest use.

Mr. Torre's face was crimson. He apologised, and mother tried to rub the stain out. And, after that, it was clear that Evelyn had given up. When after we rose, a few minutes later, mother suggested that we should show Mr. Torre our little flower-garden, Evelyn said, with the air of one who has lost her grip on circumstances, that she would go upstairs and get her cape.

"I'll go and get mine, too," I said. "Beth, I'll bring yours down." I felt that I couldn't wait another minute to see Evelyn alone.

He was, as Beth had said, good-looking, but stiff.

I found her in her room, lying back in the deck-chair.

"I hope," she said, "that I'll never see him, nor any of the Montmorencys, nor ever hear of them again!"

We could hear the hall-door below close after Beth and Mr. Torre as they went out into the garden.

"Hadn't we better go on down?" I asked, with a cowardly longing to creep underneath the bed. "He's left to Beth, you know."

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Evelyn lay still with closed eyes.

"You can go down if you want to, Jess," she said. "I'm going to rest." But she came.

"It can't last much longer than another hour," she said.

We were just going outside, when there came a sound from the summer-house in the garden that made us clasp each other's arms. It was a peal of laughter—Beth's usual high-pitched shriek, unmistakably, and such a contagious, mirthful, mirth-provoking shout as no one would have dreamt it possible that Mr. Torre could produce.

Evelyn and I sat down on the step in petrifaction. We could hear that they were talking, though we could not hear what they said. They talked, and had to stop for laughing. From every indication they were laughing until they cried.

"Well," Evelyn said grimly, as we listened, "Beth seems to have succeeded where we failed."

Their voices and their laughter continued to float out to us. Evidently Mr. Torre was at last having, to quote Mrs. Montmorency, "just the best sort of a time."

We slipped back into the drawing-room, so as not to appear to have been eavesdropping, and Evelyn settled herself with a magazine on the sofa and I with another in the rocking-chair. When they came out of the summer-house to look for *us*, Beth had our old grey cat up in her arms, and was looking down at it; and as for Mr. Torre, the ice was as completely melted as it is in a January thaw. Clearly something very funny had occurred.

Beth had our old grey cat up in her arms.

Mr. Torre sat and talked to us for more than an hour, while Beth kept her face on Tiger, and when he left he asked if he might not come again. And, if one will believe it, that last hour had been so pleasant that when we told him that he would be welcome, we actually meant what we said. We were burning to have him go, however, that we might get at Beth.

Beth had slipped off upstairs as soon as he left, and we, hurrying after, found her rolling on mother's bed.

"I know you'll kill me, girls," she moaned; "but I just couldn't help it. You couldn't have helped it either. And I'm awfully glad I did."

"Stop laughing, Beth." Evelyn said severely, "and tell us what you mean."

Beth rolled again.

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"You'll just have to wait," she sobbed and choked. "I—oh! When Mr. Torre and I were walking round the garden outside we saw Tiger go into the summer-house, and Mr. Torre said he liked cats, and so we went in and caught her and sat down. Mr. Torre said he wanted to tell me, now he had a chance, how really uncomfortable he felt about having spoilt my dress; and then he told me—I suppose because he wasn't afraid of me and just felt miserable and couldn't help it—that he felt he acted so abominably awkwardly, when he did go out, that he made up his mind each time he'd never go again.

"I simply looked at him and said, '*You?*'

"And then he told me he spent almost all his time in Devonshire with his mother, where they live, and saw scarcely anything of life outside. He's translating a whole lot of German books on science, and he said his life was so secluded that he didn't know how to behave when he came in contact with fashionable people like us"—Beth screamed it—"and the Montmorencys.

"And then it all popped out—I couldn't help it, girls! I told him the whole thing—all about the new stair-carpet and Evelyn's candlesticks. And he told me how he'd been dreading us—as much as we'd been dreading him. He thought that there was no way out of it, because Mrs. Montmorency had been good to him. I thought we'd die. We simply rocked backwards and forwards, and held our sides. He promised me he'd never tell you girls, because I knew you'd heard us laughing. He said he wanted so much to come again if we would only let him, and wouldn't we have him on some washing-day night, when we were going to have cold mutton, or some time when we were house-cleaning, so it would seem a little like atoning for all the trouble he had given us? Oh, girls, if you're going to kill me, don't do it till to-morrow. I'm too sore!"

I felt that I could understand why Evelyn sat down and cried.

A week later Evelyn received a letter from Mrs. Montmorency, written in her usual style. This is what she wrote:—

I've just had a note from Mr. Torre, telling me how greatly he enjoyed his visit. I'm delighted that you gave him such a splendid time. He's such a bookworm and gets out so little that I knew it would be a treat. I hadn't time when I wrote the letter to tell you more about him. He lives down in Devonshire, and I always see him in the summer. This spring, when you met him, was the first time that he had ever been in London. He's awfully clever—is translating a set of books on French philosophy, or something. Can trace his name back, as I told you, to some of the very oldest families. He's going to be in your part of the country for some time, so you must be sure to ask him out again. He said that he should like to know you better.

Always your loving friend,
AMELIA MONTMORENCY.

Mr. Torre soon made opportunities of improving his queerly-formed friendship, and it quickly became apparent that Beth was the special object of his attentions.

We are to have a wedding in the family before long. I am looking forward to being a bridesmaid.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

Pray, Peruse my Pair of Pages,
Packed with Puzzles, Quips, and Pranks;
I can Mystify the Sages.
I can Fill with Mirth the Cranks.

If you be a Crank or Sage, Sir,
Young or Old of either Sex,
Pray Peruse a Single Page, Sir,
And you'll Swear by "Mr. X."

Puzzle Penknives, Packs of ROYAL Playing-cards, or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X," and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A SHILLING A LINE.

We all know that poets are born not made; but you don't need to be a poet in order to make one of those five line verses called "Limericks" — they are easy and amusing; just the things to concoct whilst you are idling about on your summer holidays. Accordingly, "Mr. X" offers this month a prize of Five Shillings to the sender of what is, in his opinion, the best Limerick on himself. The first line might be:

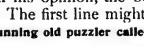
"A cunning old puzzler called X,"

or

"A gentleman called 'Mr. X,'"

or anything else you like. Now then!

[Answers (preferably on postcards) must reach "Mr. X" by August 22nd, addressed "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and marked on the outside "Limerick."]



A MUSICAL YOUNG MAN.

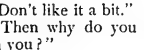
SPARK: "You must be awfully fond of music, Dark."

DARK: "Don't like it a bit."

SPARK: "Then why do you always carry it about with you?"

DARK: "Never do."

SPARK: "Think before you speak, my dear chap. Why, I never see you without a band round your hat."



Q. Why did the Razorbill Razorbill?
(Raise her bill.)
A. To let the Sea-urchin Sea-urchin.
(See her chin.)

DON'T SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE.

ANGELINA: "Edwin, dear, if a man runs round St. Paul's in one minute, how many times could he go round in an hour at the same speed?"

EDWIN: "Sixty times, of course, dear."

ANGELINA: "And if a woman runs round in two minutes, how many times could she do it in an hour?"

EDWIN: "Thirty times, dear."

ANGELINA: "And if a boy runs round in a minute and a half, how many times could he do it in the hour?"

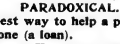
EDWIN: "Forty-five times, dear."

ANGELINA: Hopelessly wrong, dear."

(Edwin arrived at his conclusion by splitting the difference, which certainly seems the natural thing to do. But what do you make the answer?)

PARADOXICAL.

What's the best way to help a poor man?
Leave him alone (a loan).



CUT AND THRUST.

JONES: "I say, Brown, do you know when a pair of boots are like dead men?"

BROWN: "Can't say that I do."

JONES: "When they are mended. Men dead, see?"

BROWN: "H'm. Very funny. Perhaps you know when a pair of *shoes* are like dead men?"

JONES: "I don't."

BROWN: "When their soles (souls) have departed, my boy."

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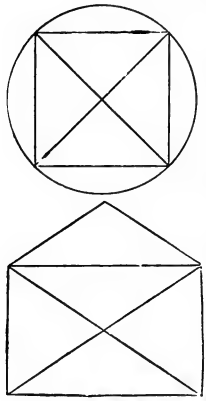
Which is Possible?



The problem is to draw each of the two diagrams, shown alongside this paragraph, without taking your pencil or pen off the paper, and without going over the same line twice.

One diagram can be made in this way, and one cannot; which is which?

No prize offered, even as a consolation to those who can't settle the question.

Tremendous.

How many words do you know ending in **dous**? There are very few; who can think of the most?

"Mr. X" does not offer a prize for this, but he will be interested to know which of his readers discovers the most, and he will publish the result.

Only postcards, and they must reach "Mr. X" before August 19th.

The Height of Economy.

Son: "Father, I've learnt now how to make a shilling go a long way."

Father: "I'm very glad to hear it, my boy. The spirit of thrift is our—but what is your particular method?"

Son: "Put it in an envelope and send it to Australia."

Taking and Leaving.

What is that which has four, yet if you take away two has three remaining?

A square of paper. For such a thing has four sides, yet if you cut it diagonally, thus removing two sides, it has three sides left.

Another Half-Crown Gone.

Harry: "I bet you half-a-crown I can read your thoughts."

George: "I bet you half-a-crown you can't."

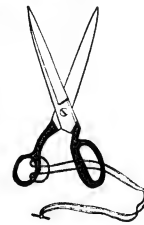
Harry (as he produces a tempting looking chocolate from his pocket): "Now then, open your mouth."

George: "Right you are." (Opens his mouth).

Harry (triumphantly): "You thought that I was going to put this chocolate in your mouth." (George pays up like a gentleman.)

Trick with the Scissors.

Loop a piece of string and thread it on a pair of scissors, in the way shown in the picture. The problem is to get the string free of the scissors without cutting it, and without making any use of the end (A). In fact, you can ask a friend to hold this end all the time whilst you are disengaging the string.



A Riddle.

What is it that:

The man who makes doesn't want?
" " wants " buy?
" " buys " use?
" " uses " see?

The answer is: A coffin.

Proper English.

Can you pronounce the following word? It is an English word in everyday use, and the letters are in their proper order:

BAC KAC HE

RESULT OF "MR. X's" MAY COMPETITION.

The Longest Word without a Loop.—Puzzle Penknives or Purses have been sent to the following six winners of this competition:—Miss A. T. Dowdall, 25 Curzon Park, Chester; Miss R. Wright, 88 Chesterton Road, Cambridge; Mr. B. J. Sims, Bryn Tirion, Whalley Road, Accrington; Mr. G. Oliver, Springhaven, Bury, St. Edmunds; Mr. H. R. Allan, Scotland House, Sunderland; and Miss E. M. Harker, 68 Edgbaston Road, Smethwick.

Dictionaries vary very much in the words they give, especially over those terminating in "ness." The longest "legitimate" word sent in was

DISPROPORTIONATENESS.

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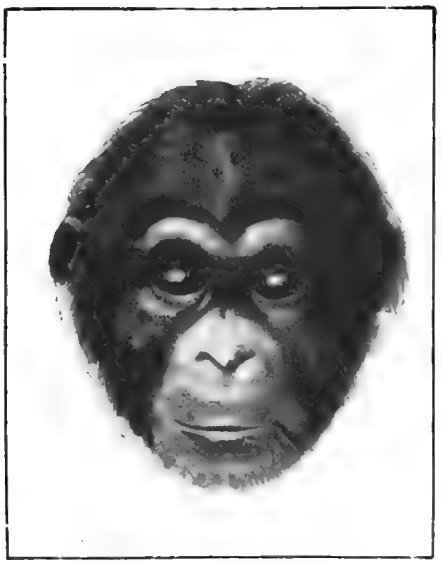

THE MANŒUVRES OF LOUIS

The Story of a Match-Making Monkey.

By Jessie Pope.

I.

From Miss Dorcas Priestley, The Precincts, Rochestone, to her ward and god-daughter, Miss Kitty Tyrrell, 28 Belvoir Mansions, W.

My dear Katherine,

I have heard this morning that dear Isabel is bringing her baby to spend the week with me. Of course I shall be pleased to see her, but I am very troubled and harassed, as you know how dear Louis detests children. He has been far from well lately, his appetite is poor, and his hair coming out by handfuls, and I really cannot subject him to the annoyance of having a baby in the house.

The only way out of the difficulty is to send him down to you for a few days, as I know you will be glad to have him. He will come by the afternoon train, and you will find his pills, pillow, and the lotion for his chest in his little trunk. Keep him on the nut and banana diet, and don't forget he likes a change of collars in the evening.

Your loving godmother,
Dorcas Priestley.

II.

Miss Kitty Tyrrell to Miss Dorcas Priestley.

Dearest Godmother,

I met dear Louis at Victoria, and was quite shocked at his altered appearance. He seemed strange and shy on the platform, but in the cab he was quite his old self again, and insisted on kissing me repeatedly.

I have given his chest a good rubbing, and I think he is absolutely the sweetest monkey I have ever met.

Your loving
Kitty.

P.S.—I ought to tell you that as we were coming in the flat this afternoon we met Mr. Terence O'Farrell, and in accordance with your wishes, dear, I looked the other way.

III.

Miss Dorcas Priestley to Miss Kitty Tyrrell.

My dear Katherine,

I am so glad the darling is better and enjoying himself. You will receive the hot water bottle by this post, which please put under his pillow in case of frost or fog.

I am pleased you showed a proper spirit with regard to Mr. O'Farrell. I have a rooted objection to all Irishmen, and am surprised that after his repeated rebuffs he should not leave the neighbourhood. He surely understands that constant meetings on the stairs of the flats must be annoying to you. However, dear Septimus will soon be home from his missionary labours, and will assert his position, I trust, as your future protector, for, as you know, your union to that godly man is the great desire of my heart.

Your loving godmother,
Dorcas Priestley.

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IV.

Miss Kitty Tyrrell to Miss Dorcas Priestley.

DEAREST GODMOTHER,

I am afraid London air is a little too bracing for Louis, he has not been at all himself and very difficult to control. The dear thing is under the impression that all the flats are my house, and he has been paying a visit to the neighbours I fancy, although at the moment I cannot say exactly where he is. Please don't worry, as by the time this reaches you he will be safe and sound. Unfortunately he has left his little garments behind him, and I know he will miss them dreadfully.

Your loving
KITT

V.

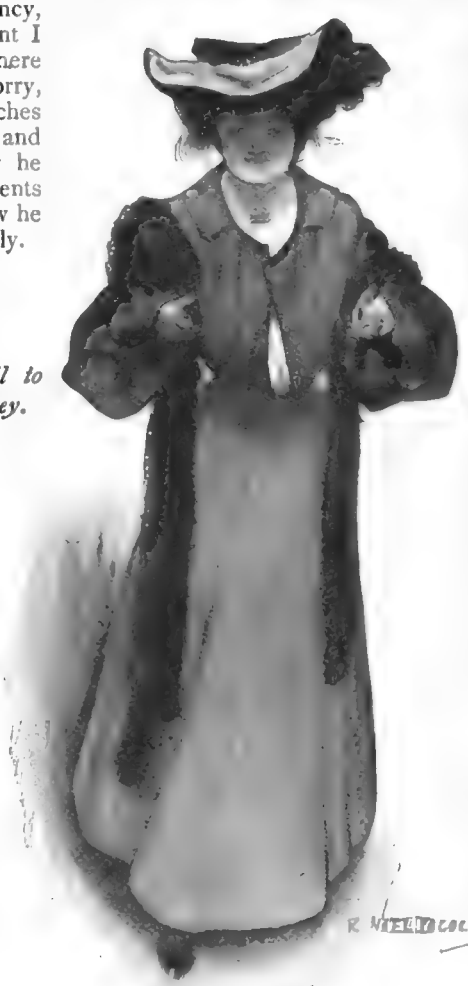
Mr. Terence O'Farrell to Miss Dorcas Priestley.

DEAR MADAM,

I regret to say that a monkey bearing your name and address entered my flat in the early hours of this morning by means of the kitchen lift. After sitting in the turtle soup it removed the bonnet and a twist of back hair from my charwoman's head, and proceeded to my sitting-room, where it was found attempting to tie a yellow lamp shade round its waist. After a short disappearance it was eventually discovered by me in front of a mirror combing its hair with my tooth brush, and startled apparently by the nature of my remarks it ran up the chimney, where it now remains.

Kindly advise me if I am to await a call from your representative or light a fire in the grate with a view to removing the obstruction.

Yours truly,
TERENCE O'FARRELL.



I met dear Louis at Victoria.

VI.

Telegram from Miss Dorcas Priestley to Miss Kitty Tyrrell.

Fetch Louis from chimney Mr. O'Farrell's flat. Much regret this course, quite unavoidable. PRIESTLEY.

VII.

Letter from Miss Kitty Tyrrell to Miss Dorcas Priestley.

DEAREST GODMOTHER,

I went to Mr. O'Farrell's flat this morning in accordance with your instructions, and he was very nice and kind and made no allusion to the past, but though he put his head right up the chimney and made his fair hair all sooty, and though the sweep came and swept it and got his brush right out of the top, there was no sign of Louis anywhere.

We think he must have strayed still further away, but anyhow Mr. O'Farrell has promised not to have a fire lighted for a week, although he thinks he can feel a cold coming on. Isn't it sweet of him? But I wish I knew where the dear thing was.

Your loving
KITTY.

VIII.

From Alfred Porter, The Spotted Boar Public House, to the Inspector of Exe Street Police Station.

HONOURED SIR,

I beg to inform you as an unknown monkey appeared in my saloon bar at 12.40, as near as I know, this morning. It sampled my beers and spirits, and started running round the walls apparently under the influence of liquor. I think there is only one monkey myself, but my barman said there are several, and what with the mirrors and it never keeping still, it's hard to say for certain.

Being confined to my chair with a touch of gout in the big toe, and being as my barman

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refuses to touch it owing to the nasty shock the first sight of it gave him, I shall take it as a favour if you will send an officer round on receipt of this to take it in charge

I needn't point out to you that this state of things is very depressing to trade. My customers have left me in a body without tasting or paying for their drinks, and it is against the interest of the public, especially mine, for such animals to be at large.

Yours obdy.,
ALFRED PORTER.

IX.

From the Police Inspector, Z Division, to Miss Katherine Tyrrell.

On His Majesty's Service.
No. 25.

METROPOLITAN POLICE,
Exe Street Police Station. Z Division.

Memorandum—

A monkey wearing a collar with the name "Louis," found in a public place not under control of any person, has been taken possession of by the police, and is now at the station above named.

If not claimed within three days and all expenses incurred by its detention paid, the monkey will be sold or otherwise disposed of in accordance with the statute or order of the local authority therein made and provided.

By order of the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis.

X.

Miss Kitty Tyrrell to Miss Dorcas Priestley.

DEAREST GODMOTHER,

Thank goodness Louis is back safe and well, if a little sticky and sooty in places. He has had a very distressing time, poor darling, spending the morning in a public-house until forcibly removed by a policeman to the police station. The police inspector summoned me to go and take charge of him.

You can imagine how I felt at going to a police station, and I am sure you will not blame me, dear, for accepting Mr. O'Farrell's escort. The policemen looked simply *sweet* without their helmets, and there on the top of a high cupboard sat our dear little pet showing his teeth at everybody.

Mr. O'Farrell, who is taller even than the policemen, got on a chair and caught hold of him by the tail, and would not let go even when Louis bit his hand, and they rolled on the floor together. We bundled Louis in a cloth, and got him into a cab—but the divisional surgeon says that the bite is very serious, and Mr. O'Farrell is so upset that he declares he will have Louis killed unless he receives ample compensation.

Dear godmother, isn't it dreadful!

Yours loving
KITTY.

XI.

From Miss Dorcas Priestley to Miss Kitty Tyrrell.

MY DEAR KATHERINE,

Mr. O'Farrell shall have any compensation he requires if he will kindly name the figure. I do not blame you, I only blame myself for putting so great a responsibility on your shoulders. Send Louis home at once.

Your loving godmother,
DORCAS PRIESTLEY.

XII.

Mr. Terence O'Farrell to Miss Dorcas Priestley.

DEAR MADAM,

Re Monkey.

As you may be aware your ward Miss Tyrrell has become involved in police troubles, and was kind enough to accept my protection when the arm of the law stepped in. I accompanied her to the police station, where we found your pet monkey seated on the top of the clue cupboard eating red tape and handing round official documents with his tail.

I regret to have to inform you that in attempting to remove him from his perch I sustained a severe bite on the hand, a contusion on the front bone of the calf, and a bruise on the bridge of the nose, so that I am unable to wear a boot on the one hand, or a pair of spectacles on the other.

The police surgeon certified me to be suffering from a dog bite of an unusual character, and I am advised by my family physician that I have sustained a severe shock, and my olfactory system is entirely unhinged.

Having a weak-minded prejudice against hydrophobia, and assuming that your monkey will die at some period of his existence, I propose ushering him into the next world to-morrow morning unless in receipt of satisfactory compensation.

The figure that will fulfil my requirements is that of Miss Kitty Tyrrell, so kindly consent to our immediate union or forward instructions by return of post as to the disposal of the remains.

Yours truly,
TERENCE O'FARRELL.

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XIII.

From Miss Dorcas Priestley to Mr. Terence O'Farrell.

SIR,

After giving your threats due consideration I have concluded that my duty to my nephew, the Rev. Septimus Priestley, who hopes to win my godchild's heart and hand on his return visit to this country, will not permit me to consider my own feelings in the matter, and I am prepared to sacrifice my sweet harmless darling rather than my nephew's future helpmate. I cannot deny it would have seemed some consolation to me if my Louis could have died in my arms, but that is not to be.

Yours faithfully,
DORCAS PRIESTLEY.

XIV.

Miss Kitty Tyrrell to Miss Dorcas Priestley.

DARLING GODMOTHER,

Louis must not die! I insist on being sacrificed instead — you *shall* not blight your whole life for my sake. Telegraph *immediately* on receipt of this, or it will be *too late.*

Your loving
KITTY.

P.S.—Louis sends you a long kiss.

Mr. O'Farrell . . . got on a chair and caught hold of him by the tail.

XV.

Telegram from Miss Dorcas Priestley to Mr. Terence O'Farrell.

I consent. Take my noble-hearted girl and spare my darling. DORCAS PRIESTLEY.

XVI.

Telegram from Mr. Terence O'Farrell to Miss Dorcas Priestley.

Ceremony performed this morning. Louis best man. All three running down to see you post-haste by next train. TERENCE.

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BABY'S HOTEL

A New and Beautifully Fitted Home for Children whose Parents Live Abroad.

By Bernard Nussey.

The youngest guest.

To parents in good circumstances who are accustomed to travel a great deal, or find it necessary to live in a country whose climate is unsuitable for children, it is a very difficult matter to decide how best to have their little ones taken care of during their absence.

It is, of course, a common thing to send them to relations under the charge of a nurse. This is not altogether a satisfactory procedure, for the ordinary nursemaid, unless well looked after, is apt to neglect her duties, and supervision such as a mother would give is not always forthcoming, the consequence being that the little ones do not lead a very happy life.

The parents' problem has now been solved by the establishment of the Norland Nurseries, which are connected with the Norland Institute, started thirteen years ago by Mrs. Walter Ward for the training of ladies as nurses for children. The Nurseries are to be found in a big house in Pembridge Square, Bayswater — a very quiet, though easily accessible spot. There is no lavish display of luxury, the rooms being very daintily decorated and furnished in the style that people whose annual income does not fall below £500 would furnish their nurseries. The house is divided into suites, each consisting of a day and night nursery for three children. These suites are all known by names, which are painted on the doors; the largest is called "Forget-me-not," and the smallest "Daisy."

In each day nursery the cupboard in which the milk and other comestibles are kept is built into the wall, and the backs of the cupboards are open to the air. The provisions are thus kept fresh and sweet for a longer time than they would if the air were excluded. Protection from dirt and smuts is afforded by wire gauze fastened to the outer wall.

Each child has its own specially made miniature washstand and washing vessels, as well as its own table crockery and silver. The occupants of the various suites keep quite to themselves just as if they were in their own houses, and do not mix with the other children in the Nurseries, though they may meet them in the gardens of Pembridge Square.

As regards amusements, the little ones bring their own toys with them. Patent window-seats — pew-shaped constructions reached by

Very young children are periodically weighed. The little one is amused with a rattle during the operation.

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a step—are greatly appreciated. In these the children will sit and play for hours. One little boy called a seat his omnibus, of which he imagined himself the conductor. Nothing pleased him better then to be allowed to stand on the lower step and shout: "Get in quick!" and then give a signal for the supposed omnibus to move on.

Mrs. Ward has often been struck with the love children have for old and broken toys, so each day nursery is provided with a wooden box in which such "rubbish" is kept for the little ones to turn out and in just as often as they please. More often than not, the nurses have to replace the litter; children, as we all know, are not particularly apt in cultivating habits of tidiness. The Norland Nurseries are in charge of two head nurses who have been through a course at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. Each suite is looked after by a charge nurse and an under nurse. These two do all the work of the suite, for no servants are kept except to do scrubbing and other heavy duties which a nurse could not be expected to perform. The Nurseries serve as a finishing school for the Norland Institute, where all a nurse's duties, short of the actual superintendence of children, is learnt. After the students have finished their course they are qualified to take charge of a nursery in a private house.

The time of the little guests at the Children's Hotel never drags. A rocking-chair is much in demand.

The day nursery in Forget-me-not, one of the most roomy suites.

The night nursery of the same suite.

Each suite is designed to hold three children, or two children and a baby. The occupants are not invariably brothers and sisters, and when there are several babies in the Nurseries the little ones in the different suites talk with keen rivalry amongst each other of *our* baby—though probably it is no relation whatever to them. They will never acknowledge that a baby in another suite

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is better or more intelligent than that in their own.

The nurses have it impressed upon them that they must always treat the children as they would be treated by their parents, so that the absence of mother love is not noticed.

In some cases suites are let to ladies who send their own nurses with the children. This arrangement, however, is not in great favour, for the students then get no opportunities of performing their duties and so gaining experience to help them in the career they have adopted.

In each day nursery is a special cupboard built into the wall, open to the air outside. Here the children's food is kept.

Children are not received into or kept at the Nurseries after attaining their ninth year, for at that age Mrs. Ward considers they are quite old enough to go to school. Lessons are not neglected in the Nurseries, for the younger children undergo a course of Kindergarten training, while the bigger ones attend a school a short distance away.

Infants—from one month old—and little children are taken by the week, month, or year. The only drawback to children who remain for a long period is that during the time they must necessarily have several changes of nurses, but they are never handed over to entire strangers.

As a consequence of keeping no servants, one of the nurses had an amusing experience with a little boy inmate. The nurse was doing some work which necessitated her kneeling on the floor, when the boy pushed past.

"Claude," said the nurse, "a gentleman doesn't push a lady!"

"You aren't a lady!" was the reply, "you're only a student!"

"But a student is a lady."

"Yes, but a lady isn't a student!"

What more could the nurse say after that?

The Nurseries are not run for the sake of profit, so there is no danger of the little ones being neglected. Every attention which they could possibly receive in their own homes is theirs, and parents who intrust their children to the care of the Norland Nurseries may be confident of their complete well-being.

Meals are served in the nurseries—there is no table d'hôte. Three children is the full complement of each suite.

One of the window seats in which the children love to play.

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THE CLERK'S COMPLAINT

(With Apologies to Lord Tennyson.)

If you're waking call me early, call me early, Mrs. Brown,
For I would fain get up to catch that early train to town;
And if I'm late to-morrow I will surely get the sack,
So do not let me snooze too long, but wake me with a whack!

♡ ♡

But yesterday you woke me at a quarter unto nine,
Oh, Mrs. Brown, dear Mrs. Brown, what agony was mine!
When, with my collar in my hat, I could not stop to wait,
But rushed to find the early train had left me at the gate.

♡ ♡

I have been wild and wayward, and stayed out till after ten,
But oh, forgive a humble clerk who wields an honest pen;
And though you *are* a widow, with lodgers four or five,
Oh, do not fail to get me up if I should be alive.

♡ ♡

I sleep so soundly all the night, and have such bilious dreams;
I dream I never sleep a wink, and oh, so strange it seems
To hear your gentle, dulcet voice a-calling at the door:
"Get up you lazy idiot, I've been here twice before!"

♡ ♡

Oh, blessings on your kindly voice, and on your silver hair,
I never will sleep on again, my clerkly oath I swear;
For oh, it so distresses me to hear the guv'nor say:
"If you sleep as long to-morrow you had better sleep all day."

♡ ♡

If you're waking call me early, call me early, Mrs. Brown,
For I must catch, at all events, that early train to town,
Although I have to run like mad and leave my frugal snack;
So do not let me snooze too long, but wake me with a whack!

M. B.

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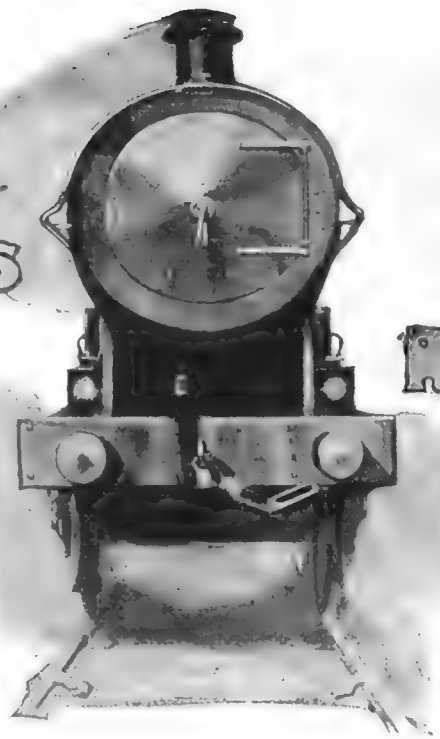
STORIES OF THE RAILWAY.



ILLUSTRATED BY P. B. HICKLING.

BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.

Thorpe Hazell, the Hero of this Series, is an Eccentric Individual whose Hobbies are Vegetarianism, Physical Exercise, and the Solving of Railway Mysteries. His Successful Unravelling of another Knotty Problem forms the Subject of this Story.

II.—THE TRAGEDY ON THE LONDON AND MID-NORTHERN.

THORPE HAZELL opened his paper lazily as he breakfasted on boiled rice and wholemeal bread in his little West-end flat one very cold winter's morning in January. His interest in passing events was not very much excited until in turning a page he found himself confronted with the headlines:

SHOCKING ACCIDENT ON THE RAILWAY.

SAD FATALITY.

Folding the paper and shifting his seat so that the electric light fell better upon it, for it was rather dark, and his breakfast was an early one, he read as follows:

"A terrible occurrence took place on the London and Mid-Northern Railway last evening. As the express from London, due at Manningford at about a quarter past eight, was entering the station, those on the platform noticed a man leaning out of one of the windows, apparently in the act of opening the door of his compartment, and more than one porter shouted a warning to him to wait until the train stopped.

"When, however, the carriage had come to a standstill, he remained motionless, and those who were near noticed, to their horror, that the well-known white panels adopted by this company were stained with an ominous colour, while blood was trickling from the man's head.

"Assistance was rendered at once, but it was soon seen that the unfortunate passenger was quite beyond the reach of recovery, although it was the opinion of a doctor who happened to be on the platform that life could only have been extinct for a few minutes.

"The victim of this terrible tragedy was, as has been described, leaning out of the window, his arms and head hanging over the door, which had to be unlocked before he could be taken out. There was a bad wound in the back of his head and neck, as though he had received a violent blow, and a piece of one of his ears had been torn off.

"He had been travelling alone in a first-class compartment, and held the return half of a ticket to Manningford. All Manningford

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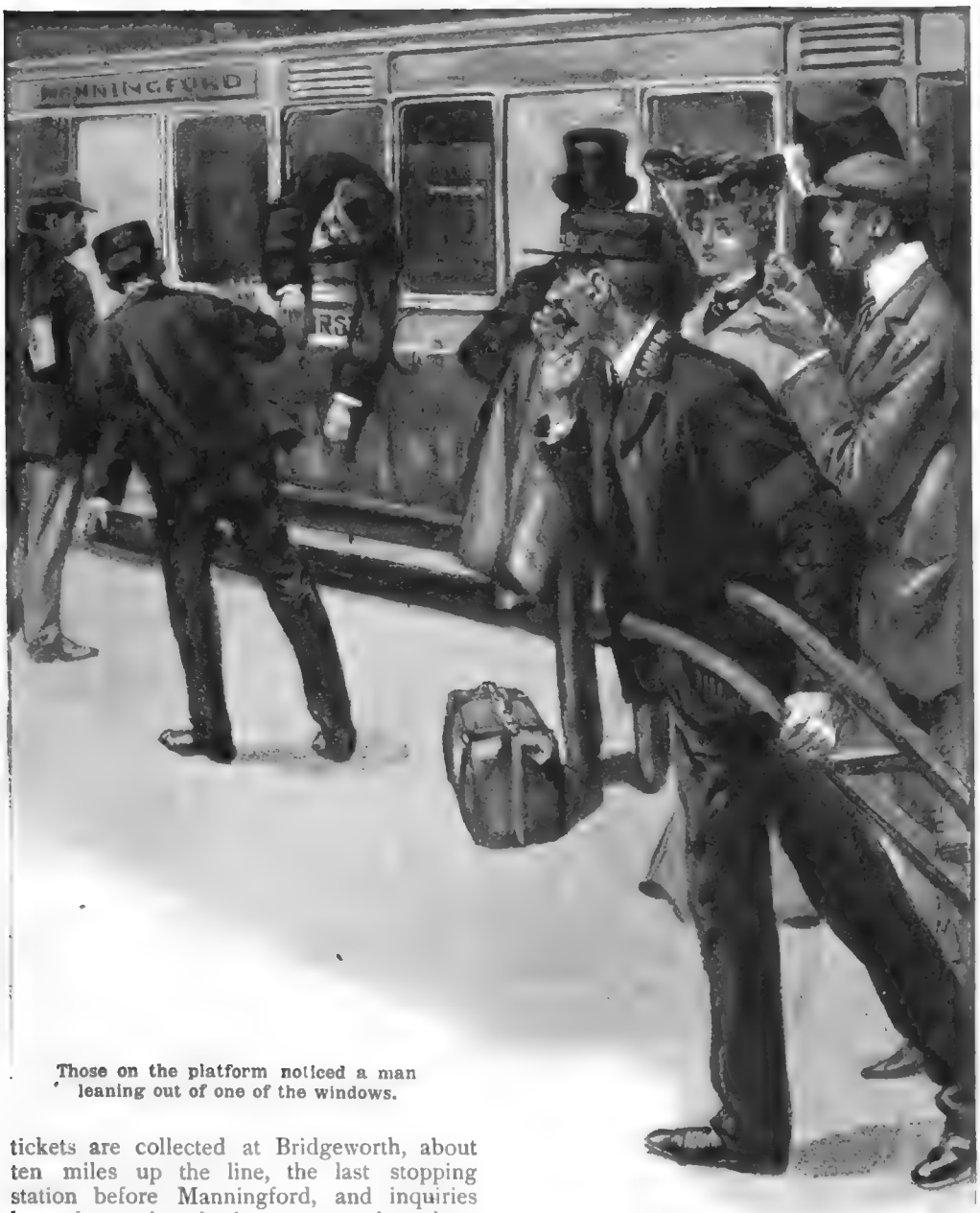

Those on the platform noticed a man leaning out of one of the windows.

tickets are collected at Bridgeworth, about ten miles up the line, the last stopping station before Manningford, and inquiries have shown that the inspector on duty there had duly taken his ticket, so that he must have met with his death during the last ten miles of the journey.

"The guard of the train states that, on his own request, he locked the compartment at the London terminus just before the train started, and declares that the unfortunate passenger was quite alone during the whole of the journey. His identity has not yet been proved, but, apparently, he is a foreigner. He is tall and dark, with a military-looking moustache, is about fifty years of age, and has a slight scar on his right cheek.

"He had no luggage, and the few papers found upon him were, we hear, written in French, but give no clue to his identification.

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These papers are in the hands of the police, and the body has been removed to one of the company's offices pending the inquest.

"As to the cause of death, the authorities are inclined to the belief that it was an accident caused by his own carelessness, but nothing definite is yet known. Between Bridgeworth and Manningford there are several bridges over the line, and it is conjectured that his head must have come into collision with the brickwork of one of these structures while looking out of the window.

"It will be remembered that a similar fatality took place near Liverpool some years ago, resulting in the death of a prominent citizen.

"On some of the Continental lines the windows are wisely barred, and, in view of the liability to such unfortunate accidents, the railway companies would do well to adopt some means for the prevention of passengers leaning out of window.

"The inquest will probably be held to-morrow."

Hazell laid down the paper, and sipped his lemonade thoughtfully. It was one of his fads always to take lemonade with his breakfast. Then he read the article through again, and pondered yet more.

"Struck his head against a bridge, eh?" he said to himself. "That's very curious. Wound on back of head and ear torn off. Umph, I'd like to know a little more about this. Let's have a look at Bradshaw—ah! I can catch that easily. It's not very far down to Manningford, and I know something of Rolfe, the divisional superintendent. It's worth the journey—and there's plenty of time for ten minutes' dumbell exercise first."

Half an hour later he was in an express running down to Manningford. As soon as he had passed Bridgeworth he opened the window and kept a careful look out.

"Let's see," he said, "ah, of course, it would be the left side of the train—here's the first bridge"—and he put his head out and looked back—"plenty of space there. Well, we shall see presently."

Altogether he counted four bridges between Bridgeworth and Manningford. Arrived at the latter station, he made his way to the office of the divisional superintendent and sent in his card. Five minutes later he was talking with Rolfe.

"Ah," said the latter, "I expect I can easily guess what brings *you* down here, Mr. Hazell. But I assure you it's not worth the trouble of a journey. The thing's as plain as daylight."

"Oh, you think so, do you?" replied Hazell.

"Why, we've found out everything. There's no doubt that the poor fellow put his head out of the window, and that the bridge caught it as he ran through."

"Which bridge?"

"The second one from here."

"Indeed. And what makes you so certain about it?"

"Why, we've found all the necessary traces."

"And what were they?"

"Several bloodstains on the ballast of the permanent way and sleepers. Just where one would have expected them to be; that is to say, about ten to twenty yards this side of the bridge. The train was running about fifty miles an hour, and the blood wouldn't drop at the actual striking-place."

"Was there any trace on the bridge itself?"

"Not a bit. But that's not at all necessary. Just the corner would have struck him, you see."

"How about the missing piece of his ear?"

"That's been found, too. I tell you there's no mystery about it. It's not in your line at all, Mr. Hazell."

"Ah, well—have you found the reason why he put his head so far out of the window? For he must have stretched it out pretty well to strike it against the bridge."

"Oh, really, Mr. Hazell, that's a mere detail. There are hundreds of reasons why silly persons put their heads out of a train window. You see it done every day."

"I daresay, but I'd like to know *this* reason. By the way, have you found out who the man is yet?"

"Well, no. But there's been a police detective down, and I fancy he has an inkling of something. The rumour is that the poor chap was a Russian—used to travelling on the Siberian line, where there are few bridges, I should think."

"Can I see him?"

"If you like. It's rather a gruesome sight. Come along."

He took Hazell to an office and unlocked the door.

"I'd rather not go in, if you don't mind," he said. "I've seen enough already, and I'm squeamish about these things."

Hazell nodded, and went up to the table where the dead man lay, covered with a sheet. He removed the sheet from his

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head, and looked carefully at the wound. Then he seemed satisfied, and rejoined his friend.

"Now," he said, "I want to have a look at the bridge itself. May I walk up the line?"

"Certainly, if you want the trouble. Stop a moment, though—there's a goods train just starting—you can have a lift in the brake, and I'll tell 'em to slow down for you to get off. But you'll have to walk back."

"All right. When's the inquest?"

"To-morrow."

When Hazell got off the goods brake he found a young man standing by the side of the line making a sketch of the bridge.

"Good morning," said the latter. "Represent a paper?"

"No."

"Oh! I'm on the *Midland Courier*. We shall have a block in to-morrow. Terrible thing. Seen the bloodstains?"

He was very young at his work, and Hazell, with a slight smile at his impulsiveness, replied in the negative.

"Come along then, and I'll show them to you. They're quite plain. Got a bit frozen, and it hasn't thawed to-day."

He took Hazell some twenty or thirty yards beyond the bridge, and pointed out, on the frosty track, a few dark stains on the ballast and ends of the sleepers.

"Must have been killed instantly," he went on, garrulously. "I draw a bit, you see, so I'm making a sketch of the affair—just at the moment when he struck his head against the bridge."

"When he struck his head against the bridge," echoed Hazell, thoughtfully. "Well, don't let me interrupt you. Look out, young man, though, or there'll be a second accident!"

They had gone back to the up side of the bridge, and the young reporter was standing on the line. Hazell had heard a signal fall, and knew a train was coming. The other thanked him for his warning.

"Just what I wanted," he said. "I shall get an impression of the thing now."

Hazell carefully watched the train as it ran beneath the bridge. Then he shook his head, and muttered to himself:

"Just what I thought. He'd have to lean out a tremendous distance. And yet he must have been killed here. It's very strange."

Here he looked at his watch, eat a Plasmon biscuit, and solemnly proceeded to go through an "exercise," for which purpose he took off his coat. Having finished his little performance he set to work to examine the edge of the brickwork. This proved unsatisfactory. Then his gaze fell on the metals as he stood, just at the entrance to the bridge, wrapped in thought.

Suddenly he appeared to catch sight of something on the line. The next moment he was down on his hands and knees beside the track. Close to the end of one of the sleepers, outside the left hand rail, he had noticed a hole. That was all. Nothing very curious, perhaps, but he knew very well that holes are never bored in such places.

This one had evidently been done with an auger, for a few shreds of wood were beside the sleeper. It was large enough for him to insert his little finger, and he felt that there was a thread inside. Something had been screwed into that hole.

"Found some more blood?" shouted the sanguinary-minded youth.

Hazell shook his head as he stood up and looked overhead. The sleeper with the hole in it was immediately below the edge of the bridge. He looked long and intently at the bridge, marking with his eyes an imaginary line straight up the brickwork from the hole in the sleeper.

Apparently unsatisfied, he found his way to the top of the bridge, and carefully examined the parapet. An exclamation of triumph escaped him. About a foot above the roadway an exceedingly strong staple had been driven into the brickwork, the fragments of dislodged mortar lying on the ground. He measured a straight line up from the staple to the top of the parapet, looked over, and found the line would drop exactly perpendicular to the hole in the sleeper. A careful examination of the staple revealed a tiny shred of tow attached to it.

He waited patiently till another train was signalled, and then, watching from the top of the parapet, he convinced himself that the imaginary perpendicular line down to the sleeper would just clear the sides of the carriages, as they ran by, by a few inches.

"Good!" he said. "I was certain it wasn't an accident."

He stood on the bridge, thinking, and taking in the surrounding country. A farmhouse and a few scattered cottages stood a little way back from the line and about a couple hundred yards from the bridge. One or two other houses were in the distance. Then he looked at the roadway, which was hard with the frost.

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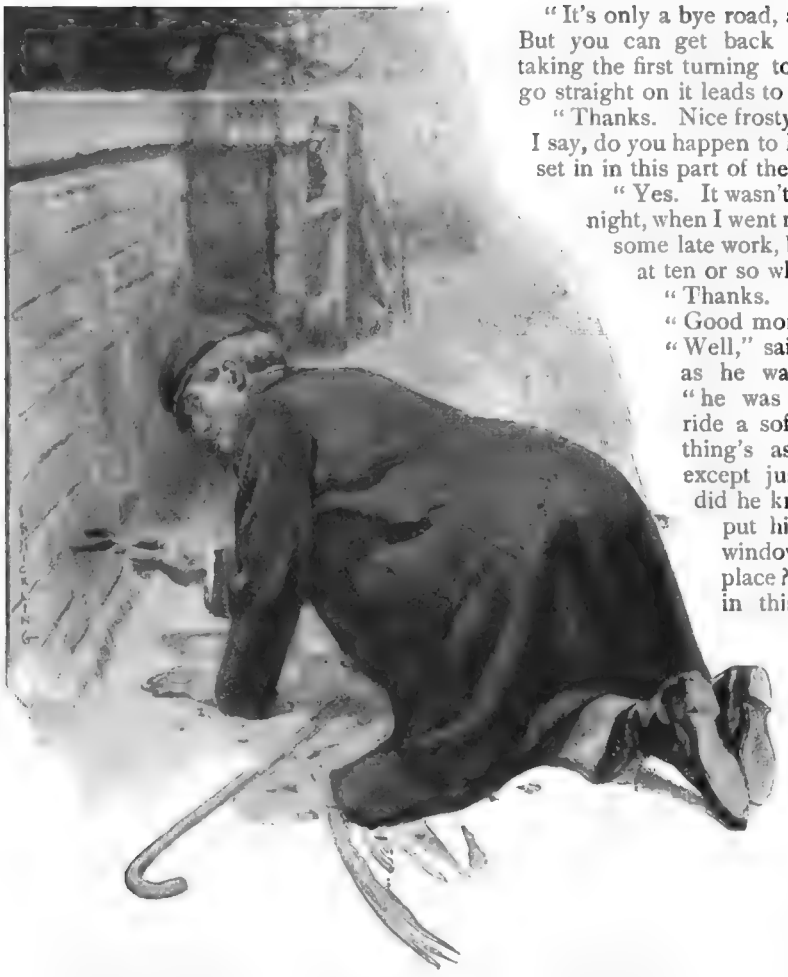

A careful examination of the staple revealed a tiny thread of tow attached to it.

Suddenly he whistled softly to himself. There were tracks of a bicycle coming up the bridge. The machine had evidently been leaned against the parapet. And the rider had returned by the same road by which he had come. There was his second track frozen into the road, and not a sign of it on the other side of the bridge.

Few bicycles of any wear lack some distinguishing mark in the tyres, and Hazell was soon satisfied, after a little examination, that the ones in question were Clipper Reflex, and that a small bit had been chipped out of the back tyre, making its mark plainly in the road.

"How are you getting on?" he shouted to the reporter presently.

"Just finished."

"Where does this road lead to?"

"It's only a bye road, and not much used. But you can get back to Manningford by taking the first turning to the right. If you go straight on it leads to Sandfield."

"Thanks. Nice frosty morning for a walk. I say, do you happen to know when the frost set in in this part of the country?"

"Yes. It wasn't freezing at eight last night, when I went round to my office for some late work, but it was quite hard at ten or so when I came back."

"Thanks. Good morning."

"Good morning!"

"Well," said Hazell to himself, as he walked quickly away, "he was a clumsy beggar to ride a soft road. The whole thing's as plain as daylight, except just one point. How did he know the fellow would put his head out of the window just in the right place? There's a mystery in this, and I'd like to solve it before I say anything to the police. At present we'll try the only clue there seems to be."

The bicycle track did not branch off to Manningford, and Hazell traced it for over eight miles along the road to Sandfield. He broke the journey at a farmhouse, where he begged for a glass of milk and a dry crust of bread. When he had partaken of this he astonished the woman who had given it to him by lying down flat on his back and rubbing his chest violently; after which he gave her half-a-crown, and explained that "chest massage" was one of the best aids to digestion. As he drew near Sandfield it became difficult to follow the track, on account of the increased traffic, but the frost was his best friend, and he persistently recovered the traces.

At length they led him down a street on the outskirts of the town, and stopped abruptly opposite a terrace of small houses. He waited a moment or two in hesitation, not being quite sure which house might prove the right one, and also wondering whether it were

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not his duty to go straight to the police and tell them his conjectures. But at that moment, a woman, who had been observing him through one of the windows, came to the door and accosted him.

"This is the house you're looking for, I think, sir?"

He turned towards her in surprise.

"The young man's very ill, sir, and I thought I'd better send for you, me not knowin' anything about him, and feeling if so be as anything was to happen to him it wouldn't be right not to have no one to give a certificate, he bein' without friends, leastwise he *do* get letters, but when I asked him to send for someone as knows him he wouldn't hear of it, which I says I'd post a letter or even write it for him. But he's obstinate, though I told him I'd send for you, which they said you was out, sir, and would call when you come home."

The woman paused to take breath, and Hazell fell in with the situation.

"A lodger of yours, I suppose?"

"Which he's only been with me a short time, and pays his rent reg'lar, sir, though he is, seemingly, a furriner, which I never could a-bear, sir, though he do speak the King's English quite as good as you nor me."

Hazell smiled at her idea of grammar, and asked casually as he went into the house:

"What's the matter with him?"

"It ain't for me to say, sir; but I lost a boy of my own with conjecture of the lungs and browntitis, and I know what the symptons is, which he wouldn't take no care of hisself."

"Ah, been riding his bicycle in these cold east winds, eh?" went on Hazell as his eyes fell on a machine in the hall.

"Only last night, sir, did he go out, which I told him was a runnin' against Providence with his cough so bad as the neighbours could hear it over the street."

"Well, I'll go up and see him."

"Do so, sir—the first room on the left."

A sound of coughing struck upon his ears as he opened the door. On the bed lay a young man with fair hair, slight moustache, and hectic cheeks. He turned to Hazell and said feebly, and with a foreign accent:

"Ah, you are the doctor, I suppose. Mrs. Bull insisted on sending for you, but I'm afraid you can't do me very much good."

Hazell locked the door very quietly on the inside, and came up to the head of the bed.

"I'm not the doctor," he began, "though your landlady mistook me for him."

The glow faded from the sick man's cheeks as he raised his head from the pillow. "Who—who are you?" he asked.

"I can hardly explain. I'm scarcely a detective, being only a private individual."

"What do you mean about being a detective?" gasped the other.

"I mean that somewhere in this room—unless you threw them away on the road—you have an auger, a hammer, a large staple with a screw, and a length of very strong rope."

"Good God!" exclaimed the sick man, "how did you find that out?"

"By your own clumsiness. It was a clever thing to stretch that rope from the bridge to the sleeper, but it was foolish to ride your bicycle there in the mud with a frost about to set in."

A violent fit of coughing seized the man for a minute or two. Hazell poured him out a drink of water, and looked at him critically.

"You are very ill," he said.

"I know I am. I don't expect to get over it. What are you going to do? Have me hanged if I live long enough?" he asked bitterly.

Hazell was silent.

"Perhaps you don't know who the man was who was found dead at Manningford last night?"

Hazell shook his head.

"Let me tell you before you do anything. You say you're not a detective, but I suppose you'll tell the police. I don't care. Murder, was it? No, no, no. It was a just judgment and punishment. If ever a man deserved his fate he did. Have you ever heard of Paul Gourchoff?"

"No."

That was his name. One of the cruellest and most bloodthirsty of all the Russian Police Agents, a man whose life was stained with the foulest crimes. Shall I tell you about him?"

Hazell nodded.

"I will—and then I'll leave the issue in your hands, and you can do as you please. I am a Pole—yes, you can understand something of what I am by the mere word. It is enough for a Pole to be loyal to his country and to labour for the cause of freedom, and then he becomes—if he is fortunate enough to escape Siberia, or prison, or death—an outcast, like myself.

"My father had a little estate; he was one of the old nobility—we are of the Radziwill family, and he plotted, secretly, as every patriot has to plot. This man, Gourchoff,

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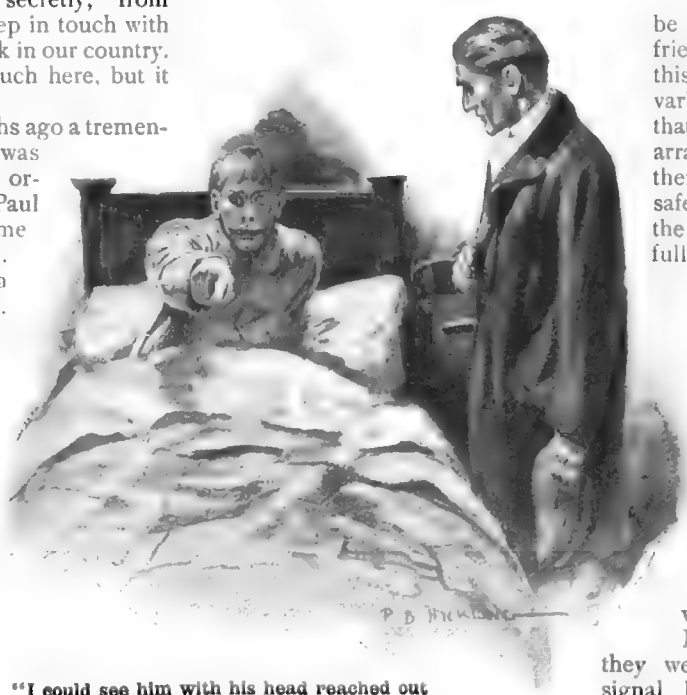
was one of us, trusted with all our plans, but in the pay of the accursed Tsar all the time.

"He waited his opportunity, and then—well, I will spare you the details. My father died on the way to Siberia, a brother and sister are there, somewhere, lost to name even—mere numbers, being slowly done to death. One sister was killed before my eyes—a brutal cossack cut her down with his sword. I was the only one of the family that escaped, and that by a miracle.

"This was five years ago, and since that time I have devoted my life to the cause here in England. There are many of us. Some come over, secretly, from Poland, to keep in touch with those who work in our country. We can do much here, but it is difficult.

"Two months ago a tremendous blow was struck at our organisation. Paul Gourchoff came to England. He is like a sleuth hound, and we knew that if he once tracked our meetings it would mean death or exile to many of our friends in Poland.

"Can you wonder that we determined to take strong measures? Can you wonder that *I* sought my opportunity for revenge? But he was wily. He knew the danger, and it was impossible at first to do anything, although every day he was discovering more and more and running us down. Then I devised the plan which you seem to have fathomed. And it was successful. Gourchoff is dead. Bah!"



"I could see him with his head reached out dimly in the darkness."

Another fit of coughing succeeded. Then Hazell asked:

"But how did you make him put his head out of that window just at the right spot?"

"I am coming to that. I came down here and took rooms, and he was allowed to find out that I was in the neighbourhood. That was the first step. His great plan was to discover the secret rendezvous where we met our compatriots who came over.

"That remains a secret still!

"But it was not in London, and he knew it. So then we went to work carefully. We had discovered that one of us, a man we had never really trusted, was in his pay. Through this man we arranged that he should receive information, which we apparently allowed to leak out. At first the disclosure was made to him that we met in a house somewhere near the London and Mid-Northern Railway in this locality. This, of course, was false.

"Then we let it be known that our friends came to this rendezvous in various ways, and that signals were arranged to show them if it were safe. He fell into the trap beautifully. So we led him to believe that a meeting was to be held last night, and that two of our number were going from London. Between Bridgeworth and Manningford they were to give a signal by holding a lantern out of the window for a moment. This signal was to be answered by a green light in the window of a certain house near the side of the line if all was well, by a red light if there was danger. These lights were to be flashed, and not stationary.

"Now we knew his object was simply to discover the house, with a view to a raid on some subsequent occasion—oh! you little know of the secret raids that are made by Russian police in England—so that he would journey down alone.

"Our two friends were to get in the back of the train, and of course he was to be allowed to see them get in. That insured that he should go towards the front, and

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crane his head out of the window between Bridgeworth and Manningford. We let it be thought that the flash should take place from a window at the *side* of the house, so that he would be looking back.

"Heaven knows how I managed that ride last night—it has put the finishing stroke to a long illness. I had taken the most careful measurements beforehand, and knew exactly where to drive the staple in the brickwork, and where to bore the hole in the sleeper. It didn't take me long to fix the rope very tightly—I had it loose till just before the train was due.

"As I stood on the top of the bridge I could see him with his head reached out dimly in the darkness, while one of our friends at the back was holding out a small lantern. I knew, by the sound, that the rope had caught him, and I saw the other man draw in his head quickly. I unscrewed the staple from the sleeper, but I couldn't draw the other from the brickwork.

"There—that is the whole story. To my certain knowledge, Paul Gourchoff has caused the death or exile of over two hundred men and women, whose sole crime was patriotism and love of freedom. Did he deserve to die?

And Hazell, who had listened to the recital attentively, nodded his head slowly.

"I think he did," he said.

Presently he added:

"Can I do anything for you?"

"No," replied Radziwill. "I don't think anyone can do that. In your kindness you might leave me alone—that is all. I shall cheat the gallows. There is enough money in my clothes here to bury me. I have nothing to live for. Oh, do what you like!"

And he turned over and hid his face in the pillow. Hazell went downstairs. Mrs. Bull was talking to a gentleman at the door.

"Which it's very strange, sir, you bein' the doctor as was sent for, and yet another doctor's with him now, and——"

"I'll put that right," replied Hazell. "Your patient is waiting to see you, sir."

"Oh, I see. Are you a friend of his?"

"Ye-es," replied Hazell. "I'd like to know what you think of him, so I'll wait till you come down."

And what the doctor thought of him was this:

"He may last two or three days, but he won't see the week out."

So Thorpe Hazell kept silence. He asked the doctor to direct him to a vegetarian restaurant, where he lunched on a rice pudding and a dish of prunes. Then he took the local train from Sandfield to Manningford, and saw Rolfe once more before returning to town.

"Well," said the superintendent, "are you satisfied with your investigation?"

"Quite," returned Hazell.

"Only an ordinary case, eh?"

"Only an ordinary case. I beg your pardon, Mr. Rolfe, but how much do you weigh?"

"Fourteen stone," I believe," replied the official, with a puzzled air.

"And you are about five feet six, I should imagine," went on Hazell, looking at him critically. "You really ought to reduce some of it. Try living on lentils for a fortnight; and a very excellent exercise is this—I do it before most meals—take three deep breaths through the nostrils, filling the lungs and letting the air escape through the mouth slowly. At the same time rise on the toes, reach the hands above the head, and bring them slowly down to the sides. Repeat fifteen times. It's a capital thing for digestion. Good-bye!"

Two days later came the result of the inquest. Verdict, "Accidental death, with a recommendation from the jury that the railway officials should carefully examine the width of all their bridges, and take steps, if necessary, to avoid the occurrence of such a painful tragedy."

NOTICE.

August is the month in which the thoughts of everybody turn to travelling—by rail or by boat, by sea or by land, or possibly by air. And so the August number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is to be a Special Railway and Travel number, full of articles and stories that will be of special interest to travellers and holiday makers. And so, when the 1st of August comes round, whether you are travelling by train, motor-car, submarine, or balloon, be sure you buy this special number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE—the price will be 6d. as usual.

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Picture Paragraphs.

We ask Readers the World over to send us Photographs suitable for Reproduction in this Feature. Payment is made for each Picture used.

Photo *Denton & Co.*

A Natural Curiosity, washed ashore on the West Australian Coast.

A NATURAL CROSS OF PEARLS.

One of the queerest things ever found in the sea is an ecclesiastical emblem, composed of nine pearls, which was washed ashore on the coast of Western Australia.

This natural curiosity is in the shape of a perfect Latin cross. Seven pearls of equal size comprise the upright, and two more the traverse piece. The joining has been entirely the work of nature, and, as far as shape is concerned, the cross appears in the photograph exactly as it was found. This odd prize was discovered in a pearl oyster. Various estimates as to its value have been made, but it is probably worth not less than £10,000.

The nine gems composing it are of good size, and are excellent stones in every respect. Scientists are unable to offer any plausible explanation to account for the fact that the pearls have assumed such a unique formation. Probably, as in the case of other freaks of Nature, the result is entirely due to chance. The name given to the curiosity perpetuates the scene of its discovery: it is called the Great Southern Cross Pearl.

AN INDIAN "BIG WHEEL."

In India, as in England, the fair is a national institution. The illustration below represents one of the chief attractions offered to children by the Indian fair. This contrivance, something like the Big Wheel at Earl's Court on a small scale, has four "carriages," which accommodate about two children apiece.

It is rotated by hand, probably not at a dangerously high rate of speed, but sufficiently quickly to satisfy the small occupants of the compartments.

The fair at which our picture was taken is held annually in September, at Yara Devi, near Simla. It is largely patronised by the hill tribes, who flock in from the surrounding country. The advance of Western influences has not yet made the native look down on his simple amusements. No doubt all the people who appear in the picture have been looking forward to their annual fair for months as eagerly as the coster anticipates his bean-feast. And probably the doings of each at the Yara Devi Fair furnishes a topic of conversation in many a little village nestling among the hills for months after it is over.

Photo *Colonel Peak.*

The Indian "Big Wheel."

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The *Jacob A. Stamler*.

HOUSE-BOAT HOMES FOR WORKERS.

An American Millionaire's Novel Idea.

Mr. John Arbuckle, a well-known coffee merchant and sugar manufacturer of the United States, has three good boats which lie idle for the greater part of the year.

Last summer he started taking working people on board one of his boats after a hard, hot day in New York, and giving them, at small cost, a moonlight sail and a night's rest in the clear air of Long Island Sound, or of the harbour. But he realised that more people were "hard up" in winter than in summer. After reflection, he fitted up two boats as floating hotels for working people, and has set a precedent for the use of idle craft.

View of the Dining room.

The vessels are the *Jacob A. Stamler*, a full-rigged sailing vessel, and the *John A. Wise*, a small steamer.

The *Jacob A. Stamler* is the hotel for girls. Within, the old boat has been transformed into a comfortable hostelry, with a dining-room and large reception-room only a step from the gangway. Beyond, along broad passageways, are large state-rooms, steam-heated, electric-lighted, carefully ventilated, and supplied with running water. Every room is carpeted and comfortably furnished.

The long dining-room seats a hundred people, and there are periodicals and popular music to be had for the asking.

There is a social-room for the girls, and a smoking-room for the men, for the *Stamler* is the flagship of the fleet.

The guests are deserving working girls earning small weekly salaries, which, in the ordinary course of events, do little more than cover the cost of living in a cheap lodging-house. On board the *Stamler* they pay only about 11*s*. a week for everything. They are as entirely free as they would be on land, and there are no officials watching their behaviour.

On the *John A. Wise*, lying close by, fifty men can be accommodated at about 14*s*. per week. They have certain uses of the *Stamler* as a social hall, since the *John A. Wise* is a small vessel.

A corner of the Reception-room, showing the piano.

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Natural History takes a prominent place in the curriculum.

SCHOOL OUT OF DOORS.

WHILE in England people are endeavouring, by private charity, to secure at least one day a year in the country for city children, Germany is making an experiment well worth watching. The enterprising Municipal Council of Charlottenberg, realising that the Communal school-children flagged during the hot summer days spent in stuffy school-rooms, the delicate ones learning little and deteriorating in health, resolved to open a school in the woods. A wooden school was built in a clearing of the pine forest on the west of the town, and there every morning, from the first of August till autumn, all the delicate children assemble in charge of their teachers.

At sunset they return home, the whole day being spent out of doors except when rain necessitates a retreat to the school building. Immediately on arrival in the morning, each child is given a pint of milk and a slice of bread and butter. Dinner consists of good soup and plenty of meat and vegetables. For tea there is bread and jam, and milk. A cup of soup, with bread, is distributed before a start is made for home.

Each child has its own mug, and every hygienic precaution is taken, a doctor visiting the school two or three times a week to see how the more sickly are progressing. No work is done during the first fortnight, the children being allowed to run wild. When lessons do begin, they are made as easy and attractive as possible. Natural history takes a prominent place in the curriculum, and the children are encouraged to bring the teacher specimens of anything they find puzzling.

Lessons, unless it rains, are given entirely in the open air.

A siesta after the mid-day meal is insisted upon.

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The two engines crashing into one another.

A SCIENTIFIC RAILWAY COLLISION.

For scientific purposes, the experiment of setting two locomotives to crash into one another at full speed has been tried in the United States.

A section of railway track 5600 feet long was laid on level ground at Point of Pines, Massachusetts.

Two exactly similar engines were secured from a railway company which had discarded them for a heavier type of locomotive.

Before starting the engines, steam was generated for two hours. At a given signal, each driver started his engine at full speed, and then leapt to the ground.

As one of the locomotives attained a slightly greater momentum than the other, the two did not meet in the middle of the track, but 300 feet from it, the advantage being to the engine on the right hand of the picture.

When the two struck, neither was derailed. After the impact, there seemed to be a recoil. The engines then closed up again, and the right-hand one pushed the other back about 50 feet.

Small pieces, such as bolts and nuts, were found at a distance of 300 feet from the smashed locomotives. At the start, the whistle valve of each engine was thrown open. As soon as they met the shock shut off the whistle of the left-hand engine, but the right continued blowing until steam was exhausted.

The Royal Magazine.

NEW YORK'S TALLEST BUILDING.

This extraordinary building is situated in one of the most fashionable parts of New York, at the corner of 23rd Street where it crosses Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Its real name is Fuller's Building, but it is popularly known as the "Flatiron," from the shape of the plot of ground on which it stands. It is 300 feet high, with 20 storeys, and 456 offices above the fourth floor. Hence it has the grave architectural defect of dwarfing every other building in the neighbourhood.

The "Flatiron" Building, New York.

Either because of its shape, or its enormous height, the "Flatiron" seems to attract all the winds of heaven, to the extent that walking round it has become something of a feat. People are often knocked down by the force of the wind sweeping round the building, and on more than one occasion the heavy plate-glass windows of the tobacconist's shop on the ground floor have been blown in.

So great, too, is the vibration inside, that it is impossible to keep a clock going on the top floor. In a high wind, the top storeys of the building shake considerably.

Every visitor to New York goes up in the lift to the roof of the "Flatiron," to see the view over the Hudson, which is, perhaps, one of the most magnificent in the world.

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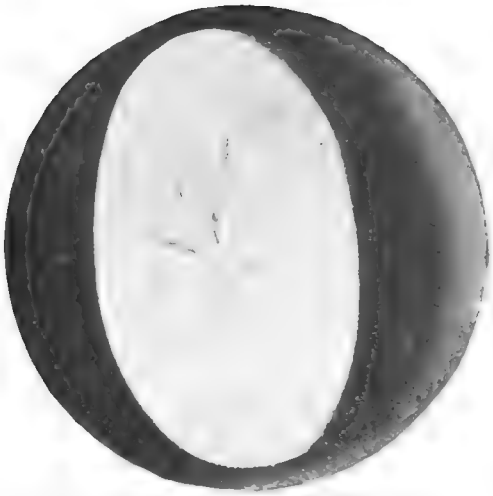

By permission of *The Scientific American.*

The Seedless Apple, showing slight marks where the seeds should be.

A BLOOMLESS, CORELESS, SEEDLESS APPLE.

This remarkable apple is the result of experiments spread over a period of ten years. The tree it is grown on bears a stamen and a very little pollen. Thus cold spells do not affect the fruit, and the apple grower has little to fear from the late spring frosts.

The tree is blossomless, the only thing resembling a blossom being a small cluster of tiny green leaves which grow round and shelter the newly formed apple.

It is claimed that, being devoid of blossoms, the fruit affords the codlin-moth no effective hiding place in which to lay its eggs, which it usually deposits in the open eye of the fruit. The new apple is red in colour, with yellow dots on the skin. There are now 2000 coreless apple trees available for propagation. It is estimated that in 1906, 2,500,000 of these trees will be put on the market.

OSTRICHES AS BOXERS.

Male ostriches battle for supremacy with as much ferocity as stags, bulls, buffaloes, and other animals. An ostrich battle is amusing since it is practically a boxing-match. There is this difference, however. If any boxer could get in a blow as hard as one received from the foot of an ostrich, he would settle the championship—and his antagonist—with a single blow. In sparring, the ostrich stands on one foot with the other foot and its wings raised, bill wide open, and neck distended. He strikes with tremendous force, and both birds while fighting warily dodge blows. Sometimes a keeper gets his leg broken during a battle, but this and other accidents form part of the hazards of the game of ostrich farming. Under modern training, an ostrich equals a horse in power, and can perform many of the horse's tricks.

By the help of his wings, an ostrich can leave behind the swiftest thoroughbred, and under harness has paced in about a horses record time at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Our picture was taken on the Cawston Ostrich Farm in South Pasadena, California.

By permission of *The New York Herald.*

A Battle between Two Ostriches.

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A TRIUMPH OF SKILL.

In these days when so many people are enthusiastic collectors of old china and rare porcelain of all kinds, the curio-repairer is naturally a power in the land. To him are intrusted the fragments of, for instance, a costly vase which has come off badly in an encounter with "the cat," and it behoves him to exercise great care in the reconstruction of such an ornament. To show what can be acheived in this delicate branch of the repairer's art, Mr. T. Nelson, of Fetter Lane, has actually mended a broken egg-shell. No hardertask than this can be imagined, but Mr. Nelson has come through the ordeal in triumph, and the egg-shell, held together by fourteen rivets, is now as good as new. Infinite pains and a light touch are, it need hardly be said, required in work of this kind. When dealing with fragments of crockery worth at least their weight in gold, it does not do to make mistakes, or to render the last state of the smashed article worse than the first. But to a man who can mend egg shells, surely anything in the way of china might be intrusted by even the most ardent collector without a pang.

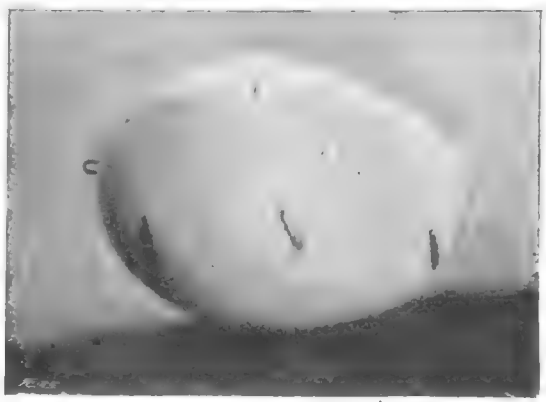

Photo *H. Elmhurst Dunn.*

A Broken Egg-shell which has been Riveted Together.

THE COSTERS' BASKET RACE.

The great feature of all costers' sports is the basket race. Before this classic event, egg-and-spoon races, sack races, threading-the-needle races, and all other such contests pale into insignificance. For it is not given to every man to carry a pile of ten baskets on his head and, thus laden, compete in a race.

At the start of a basket race, all the entrants are placed in a row, and in front of each is set a pile of ten baskets. At a given signal, these baskets must be picked up and carried to a given spot without any being dropped on the way. The first arrival wins.

The greatest excitement prevails at one of these races. Often a man will get a good lead, and then let fall a basket or two at the very winning-post. The winner is generally a competitor who takes pains rather to keep his baskets intact than to force the pace. A cool head is absolutely essential; the unlucky wight who gets flurried is lost, for down come his baskets with a crash. Frequently one of these races arouses great enthusiasm; betting, too, is freely indulged in, and the odds are solemnly discussed for weeks before the actual race.

Photo *Reinhold Thiele & Co.*

Costers' Sports—Start of the Basket Race.

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Sorrows of an Amateur Detective.

by
FOX RUSSELL.

An Experience in "Shadowing."

I FLATTER myself that if anyone *should* know how detective work ought to be done, that person is your humble servant. I am far from saying that I have been successful in *every* case I have taken up; in fact, these records will show that it is not so.

My great natural abilities—courage, resource, and coolness—have all fitted me for the life of a private detective, and my varied training has, of course, been greatly in my favour. I read for the Army and got ploughed, and did not, for reasons which it is unnecessary to state, accept a commission.

Then I turned my attention to the Bar; and, after reading with a barrister in chambers, went up for the exam., but—well, I suppose I must have lost all interest in the matter, for, somehow or other, I did not persevere in my efforts to pass—after the seventh failure. And as, at this juncture, my uncle and guardian "cut up rough," and made some unwarrantable remarks (in very bad taste, I thought) about "empty-headed young asses" and "conceited nincompoops," who thought themselves "too clever to need to work," I simply threw up the whole thing in disgust, and wrote to tell Uncle George of my decision.

He took me at my word, and promptly replied that, as I refused to work, he should refuse to pay; that he would take no further interest in my career, and that, beyond allowing me two hundred a year, he would see me starve to death before he'd give me another stiver.

Just at this period I got hold of some thrilling "detective" stories, and read them through from cover to cover. "Of course," thought I to myself, "*this* is my true vocation. Eureka! I have found it! I shall detect crime, assist duchesses in distress; crowned heads, even, may not disdain my help." It was an altogether alluring prospect.

About a year after I had finally made up my mind to start as a private detective (of course, a fellow has to think these things well out, you know, before actually *doing* anything), I hired a small office, and a still smaller boy to act as clerk; had my name, "Mr. Evergreen Hardbake, Private Detective," painted in white letters on the door, and sat myself down to await my clients.

They didn't come. So I tried an advertisement in one of the dailies; and presently along came the first applicant for my services—a lady—not a duchess—the duchesses would, doubtless, come my way later on. This eminently respectable female was of uncertain age and somewhat acid demeanour.

Before seating herself on the client's chair, she carefully flicked the dust off it with her pocket-handkerchief.

"You don't seem very busy, Mr. Hardbake," began the lady suspiciously.

"Not at this office—the other place," I returned vaguely.

This impressed her. She did not know

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what "the other place" meant. Neither did I, but it sufficed.

"And now, madam, your business?" I asked.

"The inspector at Scotland Yard told me he was sick of me and my case, too, and said I could go to the devil; so I came to you," she said confidentially.

I bowed. Somehow or other the words did not sound very flattering, but still I am sure she meant well.

"Scotland Yard is no good," she added decisively.

Just for a moment I allowed a condescending smile to play over my face.

"Oh!" I said, "we must not be too hard on them. They do their best. Their methods are rather antiquated, that's all; not up to date, madam, like the scientific detective of to-day. They have not had *my* training, you see."

Then, seeing my opportunity, I looked at her fixedly, and said:

"Of course, my dear madam, although you are a stranger it is perfectly plain to me that you are a maiden lady of high birth, of sound Church of England principles, and generally use glasses when you read and work; you have come to this office on foot to-day, and have never seen the inside of a public-house."

She was manifestly impressed with this display of professional acumen.

"You are an extremely observant man, Mr. Hardbake," she replied thoughtfully. "Now, do you mind explaining how you could possibly know all these things about me?"

I was really quite pleased at this compliment. I smiled in a superior manner, and threw myself back in my rocking-chair; unluckily, the beastly thing tipped right over with me. I turned a backward somersault and landed on the floor. But I was quite equal to the occasion. Ever quick to seize an opportunity, I affected to have "done it on purpose," and remained with my ear fixed to the hearthrug in a listening attitude.

"Ah!" I said, after a minute's silence, "all is well. I fancied someone was listening to our conversation. I often have to make these lightning moves in order to foil the machinations of my enemies."

I smoothed my ruffled hair, and having righted the perfidious "rocker," again resumed my seat.

"You were about to explain?" began my client tentatively.

"Ah, yes!" I said. "I was going to tell you how I found out these little details of your life. After all, it is very simple to a mind trained, like my own, to ratiocination and careful induction. For example, I see by your general appearance that you are of high birth——"

"Well," she interrupted dubiously, "my father was a steeplejack, and——"

"Just so, there it is—of *high* birth," I said airily. "I judged that you were a maiden lady by the fact that when you took off your glove no wedding-ring was disclosed; and as to the other things"—I had unluckily forgotten what they were—"really, the matter is too simple to require explanation. But pray let us now proceed. Forgive me for reminding you that I am a busy man."

A smothered guffaw from the outer office made me resolve to sack the small boy, who acted as my clerk, that day week.

"My name," began my client, speaking somewhat rapidly, "is Dabster, Jane Dabster, and I keep a select establishment for boarders

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at No. 2 Pumpernickel Crescent—a most genteel neighbourhood——"

"One moment, please!" I interrupted, taking up my pen. "In this select establishment for bounders—boarders, I mean—I believe there was a man who——"

"Yes, there was," she went on without heeding me. "He came dressed like a clergyman, and paid his bills regularly every week; but I now have reason to fear that he is a wolf in sheep's clothing, a roaring lion seeking what he may devour."

"Has he such a very large appetite, then?" I asked, feeling rather mystified.

"No, no, that is not what I mean," she hastened to explain. "Things are far worse than that—some of my most valued boarders have privately complained to me that they have missed property—mostly trifles—jewellery, small change, and even clothing has disappeared——"

"You have a cat?" I began, but she stopped me decisively.

"No—this time it was *not* the cat," she said. "Now, I know all about my boarders, with the exception of this one gentleman, who, as I told you, dresses like a parson. He has only been at Pumpernickel Crescent three weeks, and I consider it is suspicious——"

"That he should have stopped so long?" I asked.

Miss Dabster bridled up, and I hastened to apologise and explain.

She smoothed down her ruffled feathers, and continued:

"Another suspicious circumstance is that the other day he returned from a meeting of the Ruri-Decoctional Society—I may not have got the name *quite* correctly—with someone else's umbrella!"

"Ha!" I said writing hard. "This is something to go on; this looks like a glue—clue, I mean."

"Yes. The rightful owner called next day for his property, and my boarder—the Rev. Mr. Jecks, he calls himself—returned it. That was probably because he couldn't see any other way out of the trouble. My servants are, I know, all perfectly honest—my other boarders above suspicion. What do you think of it all?" she concluded.

I placed the tips of my fingers together, and leant back in my rocking-chair—very gingerly this time, as I had no intention of again taking up a position on the hearthrug.

"My dear madam," I said, "I will not disguise from you that the case you have unfolded has many complications. In the first instance—follow me as closely as you can, please—if the parson is no parson, but a person simulating a pers—parson, I should say—this, in itself, would be a circumstance fraught with suspicion. By my usual process of induction and exclusion I can see that nobody could have stolen the jewellery and clothing except the parson—but we must proceed with caution. I will disguise myself, and watch his movements, and will get on his track without delay. At what time does he usually leave the house?"

"About ten o'clock every morning regularly."

"Kindly inform me, madam, what he eats for breakfast. These trifles, as I daresay you would consider them, mean so much to the skilled detective."

She gave me the required information in full detail, down to a shop egg.

I took down the exact address, promised to be on hand to shadow my man on the following morning, and bowed Miss Dabster out.

True to my undertaking, next day found me outside No. 2 Pumpernickel Crescent at 9.45 a.m. I was disguised in a flowing red beard and a scratch wig of the same colour, with a pair of blue spectacles to aid the deception. Of course, the intelligent reader may say: "Why disguise yourself, when the man didn't know you?" To that I reply that in our profession you must never underrate the value of caution, and you should, above all things, be mysterious.

I waited for about half an hour, and then the door was stealthily opened, and my man came forth. He walked quickly—this, in itself was suspicious—and when his eyes rested on my red wig and beard, he gave a great start—this, again, looked like guilt, I thought.

I detected a curious grin on the man's face as he passed me. Unmoved, however, I followed closely on his track, resolved not to let him out of sight for a single instant.

He strode along, I following like a sleuth-hound at his heels. Now and then he turned round and looked at me with mild wonderment in his watery blue eyes, but I heeded not. I would go on with this duty to the death.

He called at two or three shops—booksellers—then he made no stop until he hailed a "Favourite" bus and hurriedly jumped in.

If he thought by this means to elude my vigilance he had reckoned without his man—he had miscalculated the resources of the skilled detective who was shadowing him.

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Evergreen Hardbake was not to be shaken off by so transparent a device as this. Determined to foil his design, I jumped in, too.

A mile further on, he alighted. So, too, did I. I followed him for a few yards, and then he disappeared into a gloomy-looking building on the left. Grasping my heavily-loaded stick, I prepare to follow.

At the foot of the stairway was fixed a brass plate bearing this inscription: "*Society for the Distribution of Pants and Goloshes to the Inhabitants of the Tonga Islands.*"

I wondered if I had a clue? Clothing? Now, clothing had been missed, amongst other things, from Pumpernickel Crescent. What if he had taken the clothing and then found a ready sale for the stolen goods here?

In less than half an hour my man returned. I hid round the corner for a minute, and then darted out and once more took up the pursuit.

He next called at a boot-maker's, and, by peering through the shop window, I was able to see that he was buying a pair of thick boots; there was nothing absolutely suspicious in that, because the streets were sloppy and wet.

After this, I traced him to a confectioner's shop, and followed him in. He lunched here, off a cup of tea and a hot muffin. To avoid suspicion I ordered a bun, and, much against my own inclination, ate it.

I finished my frugal, but filling, meal first; then went outside and again awaited my victim. Presently he came out, still munching. Remembering the Fenimore Cooper novels of my youth, I immediately ambushed myself behind an adjacent pillar-box, but he had already caught sight of me. Much to my surprise, he walked straight up and mildly asked:

"What is it you want with me, my good man? I noticed you directly I left my lodgings this morning, and you have persistently dogged my footsteps ever since."

I confess I hardly knew what to say, under the circumstances; it was an embarrassing situation.

"I don't choose to be followed like this," he continued, "and especially by a man so palpably disguised as you are. I have seldom seen anything so highly ridiculous as that red wig and beard. Now, will you be off—or shall I call a policeman and give you into custody?"

To tell the truth, I was so flabbergasted at this sudden turning of the tables, that I could only splutter out:

"*You* give *me* into custody! Well, I like your cool impudence! Don't you see that *I* have been following *you* to watch your movements and——"

"And pounce upon me in some lonely alley and rob me of my watch," he retorted. "I'm sure you're up to no good, my fine fellow, and probably that beard and wig hide the features of some well-known member of the criminal classes. Here, constable"—this to a passing policeman—"I give this fellow into

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custody as a suspicious character. Here is my card. I am chaplain to the Bishop of Haughtyshire—the Rev. Percy Jecks—I am quite willing to give evidence against this man at the police-court, if you will communicate with me at 2 Pumpernickel Crescent."

"B-b-but, I say, policeman, stop! Hold hard!" I remonstrated, as the stalwart E Division man took me by the coat-sleeve. "Y-y-you don't understand the position. *I* am shadowing *him;* it is *he* who is the suspected person, and *I* am one of *you!* I am a detective."

"Wot! in this get-up! Stow it!" he replied brutally. "And you'll catch it all the hotter for personating a detective," he added. "You can spin your yarn to the inspector at the station—it's a bit too thin for me."

And, to my deep humiliation, I was led through the streets, followed by a jeering crowd, and "run in" to Kent Street Police-station, where, after a brief and most uncomfortable interview with the inspector on duty, I was locked up in a narrow, whitewashed cell until I could find bail—which was only forthcoming at five o'clock in the afternoon. Then, and then only, was I set at liberty.

Mortified and angry, I called in at my office on the way home, surprising my juvenile clerk in the act of cracking nuts in the door hinges. Forgetting that I was still wearing the red beard and wig, it astonished me not a little to see the youth turn pale and then try to sneak out past me in search of help. With some difficulty, I reassured him, and then he said that a letter had been delivered at the office about mid-day for me. I tore open the envelope and read:

2 Pumpernickel Crescent, S.W.

DEAR MR. HARDBAKE,

I have just discovered that the thief who has given all this trouble is the boot-boy, and he has now made full confession of his crime—the Rev. Mr. Jecks is innocent, although *you* seemed to think his guilt assured!

(*I*, indeed! when it was this ridiculous old woman herself who suggested it.)

Therefore, I need not trouble you any further in the matter.

Yours truly,
JANE DABSTER.

Next morning I sent in my bill, which ran as follows:

Dr. to Evergreen Hardbake, Private Detective.

	£	s.	d.
Shadowing suspected person, four hours at 2s. 6d. an hour	0	10	0
Intellectual and moral damages for being given into custody in crowded thoroughfare	1	0	0
Kept two hours in cell, at 5s. an hour .	0	10	0
One bun	0	0	1
	£2	0	1

But no notice has ever been taken of it.

I was led through the streets, followed by a jeering crowd, and "run in" to Kent Street police station.

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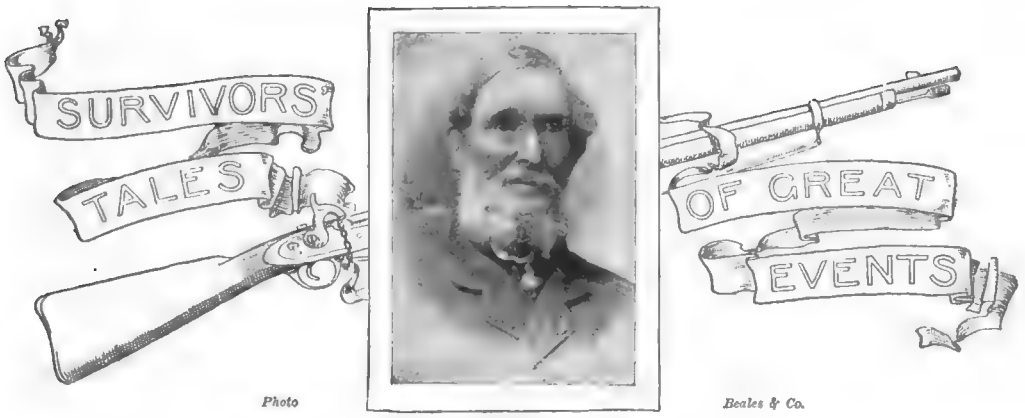

Corporal W. Smith.

VII.—THE LOSS OF THE TROOPSHIP *BIRKENHEAD.*

From the Narrative of Corporal W. Smith, One of the Soldiers on Board

As Told to Walter Wood.

The *Birkenhead*, an iron paddle steamer of about 2000 tons, and 564 horse-power, sailed on January 7th, 1852, from Queenstown to the Cape, with drafts for various regiments—the 12th Lancers, 2nd, 6th, 12th, 43rd, 45th, 73rd, 74th, and 91st, and the 60th Rifles. She struck on a hidden pinnacle of rock called Danger Point, off Simon's Bay, South Africa. The rock ripped her hull, and in twenty minutes she broke in two and sank. Of 638 persons on board, mostly soldiers and sailors, 454 perished, only 184 being saved by the boats, a friendly schooner, and by rafts and bits of wreckage. The *Birkenhead* discipline is unforgetable, if only because of it every woman and child was saved.

Corporal W. Smith, the fine old veteran on whose narrative this story of the *Birkenhead* is based, lives in a little village ninety miles from London. As a private in the 12th Foot, now the Suffolk Regiment, he embarked in the *Birkenhead* for active service in South Africa, and is one of the few survivors of the disaster. Corporal Smith served for eight years in the 12th, and fourteen years in the Cape Mounted Rifles. He was discharged in 1870 as a full corporal, with four good conduct badges. He served in no fewer than four campaigns in South Africa, including the Zulu War of 1879, and possesses three medals. He has a very small pension, but is not forgotten by the officers of his regiment, who are naturally very proud of him.

I am an old man—old in body, if you like, but young in memory and spirit, and I can still march with some of the best of them, in spite of my seventy-five years. I can recall many things that I did in my long years of soldiering on home and foreign service, and can picture many scenes that my eyes have witnessed.

But one event stands out with awful clearness, one memory will linger when all other impressions vanish, and I parade for the last muster—and that is, the picture of the sinking of the *Birkenhead*. From time to time the papers tell us that the only survivor of the troopship has died—that neither man nor woman nor child who was in her when she struck on Danger Point, and broke her back and sank, is left; but some of us die hard, and there is still a handful of officers and men who were hurled into a shark-infested sea in the darkness of an early morning, and heard the last hopeless cries of soldiers as the steamer disappeared. Aye, and worse than that—the wails and screams of heartbroken wives who had been torn from husbands' arms, and the piteous cries of little children who were forced into the boats and rowed away, leaving to a sure and awful death those who were sacrificed that they might live.

The old King of Prussia commanded that the story of the *Birkenhead* drill and fortitude should be read to every regiment in his army; artists have painted pictures of the troops drawn up in steady ranks on deck, and poets have sung of the way the bugles rang and the drums beat; but there was no sound of bugle and no roll of drum; there was none of the stiffness of parade which pictures show—and yet there was a falling-in, a last muster, a standing shoulder to shoulder as the end came, and many a handshake and many a

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sobbed farewell. And how, at such a time, can even the bravest do otherwise, swept, as they were swept, from perfect peace and comfort to an unexpected doom?

Sometimes, aye, often, I wake suddenly from sleep, or start up as I smoke in my little cottage in the quiet country, and wonder whether the vision that has come again is only dreaming or reality; and I have to take my papers out and cast my mind back over the half century before I am satisfied that I have not imagined it. The whole terrible catastrophe returns as fresh and vivid now as it was then—for such a thing as that makes the same scar in your memory as an ugly wound will leave upon your body—and I know what both are.

I am in the old regiment again, the 12th Foot, which became the Suffolk when it lost its number, and I am back in the early fifties, when the British soldier's duty was to obey every order, without wondering, as they do nowadays, why it was given and whether it was right. They were the days of iron discipline and not overmuch consideration for the private soldier, who was still only a machine for fighting purposes.

There is a strong draft of us of the 12th for the Cape, where we are going out to fight the Kaffirs, and there are drafts for other regiments—Lancers, Highlanders, and Rifles amongst them.

On January 7th, 1852, we embark in the *Birkenhead* and sail for the Cape. We are in a famous ship, for the *Birkenhead* is of big size for her day, and has already made the run to the Cape in forty-five days, while other vessels in the Navy have been as long as sixty-five. Think of that, you soldiers of to-day, who grumble because your steamer takes a month—but very rarely—to do the same distance.

But, after all, we are cooped up in a ship that is no bigger than many a fine ocean-going tug nowadays. She is not much more than two hundred feet long, but broad of beam and of nearly fifteen hundred tons. She has engines of 564 horse-power, and is of course driven by paddles. She has been made from a frigate into a steamer, and a heavy poop and forecastle have been added to her to increase her accommodation as a troopship. Even then we are packed like sardines in a box, and have to eat and sleep and get through the time as best we can, and trouble nothing about the many little comforts that we enjoy ashore.

We start at a bad time of the year, and after leaving Cork run into a lot of heavy weather which puts the crowning touch to our miseries afloat. Life and death are busy with us at sea, just as they are ashore. The weary days go past, and the only thing that marks one from its fellows is a birth or death. One woman dies of consumption, and our spirits are depressed by the awful solemnity of her burial at sea. Three children are born—but at what a cost! Each mother dies—and what more striking evidence can you have of what it meant for women to sail in troopships fifty years ago?

The days pass slowly, and the *Birkenhead* steams steadily towards the south. Week follows week, and we have entered our seventh at sea when we are gladdened by the sight of Simon's Town. We reach it on February 23rd, after a voyage of forty-seven days. Now the weariness of the sea is forgotten and we are all alive with eagerness to reach the very end. Some, more lucky than the rest—how lucky they are so soon to learn—are landed, amongst them the handful of sick and more than half of the women and children. We learn definitely what we are to do, and find that the *Birkenhead* is to go at once to Port Elizabeth and East London, and that the drafts will join the forces of the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, Sir Harry Smith, for service on the frontier of Cape Colony.

Who need describe the joyful expectation of those who fill the troopship? Not a man is there who does not burn to get ashore and march to the front, and there is not a soul who is not glad to think that there is only a pleasant little run along the coast before our long voyage is ended altogether. We are in perfect spirits as we steam out of Simon's Town at about five o'clock in the afternoon of February 25th.

How vividly that final run comes back again over the half century that has passed! The sea is calm and the night is clear, the daylight quickly fades and gives place to a glorious darkness. The lights are twinkling ashore, a grateful sight to us who have been so long surrounded by the tumbling seas. The stars, too, are shining brightly.

All is well.

From time to time as we thud bravely on from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean we hear the sullen murmur of the surf which breaks ashore about two miles away, rising above the ever-present roar of the machinery which we no longer notice. A good look-out is kept, the leadsman is in the chains, and the watch on deck have little else to do

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THE WRECK OF H.M.S. *BIRKENHEAD.*

It will be observed that this famous picture does not altogether agree with Corporal Smith's narrative, as the catastrophe took place at night

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but watch the lights glide past as the *Birkenhead* makes nearly ten miles an hour. The captain of the ship, Captain Salmond, has gone below, so has the commander, and the *Birkenhead* is in charge of Mr. Davies, second master.

I go below at last and turn in, never so much as thinking of danger. I discuss the latest news with my comrades. The gossip is that Captain Salmond is pressing the ship hard, for two reasons, one of which is that he wants to get ahead of the steamer *Styx*, which is carrying stores of war, and the other that he wishes to make a quick passage so that he can land the troops for the Commander-in-Chief, who is concentrating his forces for a grand attack upon the natives. And so that he may make his run as short as possible, Captain Salmond is keeping very near the coast.

We have gone to sleep on the crowded lower deck. Midnight has passed, one o'clock comes and goes, and the ship's bell strikes again. But I do not hear the strokes or the melancholy voice which rises in the night and proclaims that all is well. I am fast asleep and unconscious.

What is that? Why this appalling shock? Why these terrible cries, this sudden panic, this staggering confusion? Why are men crowding and struggling and all making, as if by instinct, for the companion-ladder, to swarm on deck?

Why ask the question, for we know, even we who are landsmen, that the *Birkenhead* has struck; we know that even now some of her people are dead, drowned in their hammocks by the rush of the sea upon them.

I do what my fellow soldiers do, what nearly every soul on board does—struggle to the upper deck and clamour to know the worst. There are others like me, rushing up and crowding the deck—small space indeed for so many human beings. And it is dark, too.

What need to ask the question which the simplest soul on board can answer? The ship has struck on a sunken rock, and not even her water-tight compartments, of which she has no fewer than a dozen, can save her. The *Birkenhead*, with her resistless weight, driving hard, has been impaled upon a cruel, submerged fang, and she is ripped just as you might rip a drum of paper with your finger.

Panic, you ask? Confusion? Yes—both. And how can it be otherwise when, like a flash, sentence of death has been passed upon the *Birkenhead*, and in the twinkling of an eye serenity and safety have given place to overwhelming peril?

There are times when even the bravest of the brave succumb to their emotions. Was not the Iron Duke himself overcome with grief at the loss of so many of his troops at Waterloo? No wonder, then, that the men of the *Birkenhead* are in want of steadying when the first shock of the disaster falls upon them. Remember that most of them are very young—and then there are the men whose wives and children are on board. Put yourself in their places, then you will understand.

Even now, with the ship abruptly stopped, with that awful sound of rending asunder in our ears, it seems impossible to believe that she is doomed. How can she be, the stout vessel that has borne us so far through such troubled waters without disaster of any sort? And so near the shore, too?

I know that even now, so far as I am personally concerned, there is no suspicion that the end will be what it proves to be. I see that things are bad; I am aware that already many lives are lost; but there are the boats, the coast is very close to us, and, above all things, there is the discipline—that spirit of obedience which proves stronger than the love of life itself.

I have spoken of the panic, the confusion. They have been born suddenly, but their death is just as swift. Now come the excited voices of the officers—the men who are heard in the darkness, but are not seen.

It is "Steady, lads, steady!" and if there is a tremor in the tones—what of it? If at the first, before the drafts have found themselves, there is something of a rush for the boats, what of that, either? Does not the panic die away at the word of command? Is not the rush stopped at the very outset? Do not the men make some pitiful attempt to fall in on that sloping deck, which is already breaking under their very feet?

And why? Because there are women and children on board, and the women and children are to be saved, whatever happens to the rest.

I seem to tell the story slowly; but however fast I spoke I could not do more than talk haltingly of a thing that happened with such fatal swiftness.

Lieutenant-Colonel Seton, of the 74th Highlanders, commanding the troops on board, gathers all the officers about him, and tells them that at any cost order and discipline must be maintained. He specially charges Captain Wright of the 91st to see that

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Captain Salmond's instructions are obeyed, because on him alone, as a sailor, we can depend for safety.

Instantly sixty men are told off to work the chain-pumps on the lower deck, and I am one of the sixty. I go below again, and the stoutest heart might shrink from such a task. It is like descending into a dark well, for the water is already flooding the deck. But we strike out for the pumps, and in reliefs we man them and work with frantic energy. We might as well spare all our strength, because we do not make the least impression on the flood. How can we, with such a yawn in the troopship's side? She has been caught on the port side, between the foremast and the paddle-box, and the waves sweep in just like a heavy running stream.

We are up to our waists in water; but we work away at the pumps, cheering each other, saying that we shall soon be out of it and landed. But within touch of us are men drowned in their hammocks.

Officers are everywhere, steadying, encouraging, and directing. The rest of the troops are on the poop, and the women and children are there, too, drawn up in readiness to be put into one of the boats, the cutter.

Blue lights are burning, making a ghastly illumination in the darkness, and rockets crash on the stillness of the night. But no answer comes to our signals of distress. The lights are not seen, and the sound of rockets does not carry far.

What of the guns? you ask. Aye, guns would have boomed deeper, and could have been heard ashore; but we cannot fire them, because the ammunition is in the magazine, and the magazine is under water now, so that it is impossible to reach it.

Captain Salmond, like the brave commander he is, tries to repair his terrible mistake of hugging the coast too closely, and he forgets himself entirely in his wish to save his people—always the women and children first, remember. We hear his voice as he issues orders—he swings a lantern in his hand—and we know that the

On deck they are throwing the horses overboard.

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engines, which are still workable, have been turned astern.

Fatal error again! and this time final. There is more hideous grinding and tearing, and the rent in the hull is made bigger as the *Birkenhead* is backed. There is a mightier inrush of the sea and a furious hissing as the boiler fires are drowned. But for the present we have no orders to leave our places, and we work unflaggingly at the useless pumps.

On deck they are throwing the horses overboard—the few officers' chargers which the troopship carries; and the women and children are being driven and helped into the cutter. Can you understand what it means—that tearing away of wives and children from husbands and fathers—unhappy creatures who beg that they may die with their own loved ones rather than be saved without them?

Sixty men are at the chain-pumps, sixty more are struggling to lower the paddle-box boats. The other boats, too, are being handled.

What happens? The tackle is rotten, the boats themselves are ill-found and in bad condition, so that the very means by which alone we can hope for safety are not to be relied upon in our desperate extremity. In this furious effort to get the boats away, Mr. Brodie, the master, and a number of men are lost.

There is a long swell running towards the shore, and the *Birkenhead* is rolling heavily. Her foremast is tottering, her funnel is threatening to collapse. It leans dangerously over towards the starboard side, and as the fight with the boats goes on the smoke-stack thunders down and crushes a little host of human beings on the paddle-box.

Everything now happens with paralysing swiftness. The funnel has fallen—a great, high mass of metal; the foremast has come down, and the *Birkenhead* herself has snapped in two, her fore part dropping down into deep water and her stern tilting high in the air.

Half a hundred men perish instantly at the chain-pumps, and those who do not die rush up to the deck to hear the order given that all who can swim must jump overboard and make for the boats, which have got clear and are waiting at a safe distance so that they shall not be drawn down into the vortex.

The order is given by Captain Salmond, but other voices are heard immediately—Captain Wright's and Captain Giradot's—begging that the men will stand fast, as the boats are full already with the women and children, and will be swamped if the soldiers make for them.

Discipline again! And always the women and children! The men stand fast, in the very grip of certain death, and not more than two or three jump overboard and try to reach the boat, which safely gets away.

During the whole of this time, the agonies of which no man can describe, Cornet Bond, of the 12th Lancers, and Ensign Lucas, of the 73rd, have been superintending the removal of the women and children to the boat, and handing some of them to the gangway with a politeness and attention which is so wonderful that, sore as my own strait is, I cannot help smiling.

Cornet Bond, you say, is still alive—now Captain R. M. Bond Shelton—and you have met and talked with him? Then he has an old *Birkenhead* soldier's best wishes for continued life as a gallant officer and gentleman! Of Ensign Lucas I can speak myself, because I lived to serve under him. Here is a letter from him, sent to me only the other month, and a box of cigars, "for all old soldiers smoke," he says.

Not twenty minutes have passed since we were sleeping peacefully and safely; now, with terrible noises, the troopship disappears, settling on the rock which has destroyed her, and with only her mainmast rising above the water.

For some minutes there is a scene which I cannot picture, there are sounds that I dare not recall; then there is something of quietness, because the sea has claimed most of these desperate bidders for existence.

Where am I now? What new terror has been added to this great tragedy of a sailor's mistake?

I am overboard and in the water, clinging to a spar, a bit of wreckage which I have reached, I know not how. I have rushed on deck in my shirt and greatcoat, just as I have been roused from sleep, and in this clothing I am adrift in the Indian Ocean, a non-swimmer, and doomed to an eighteen hours' struggle in the sea to keep myself alive. I do not know that my fight will be for so long or so terrible, or I could never see it through; but I still have faith in my salvation, and grip my spar and look about for help.

And what do I see—what do I hear?

All around me are men who have been hurled to a pitiless death, some struggling fiercely, some clinging to any floating object from the wreck. There are awful sounds which I come to know well as the last groans or screams of men who sink to rise no more

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There is a piercing cry and a tingeing red of the sea—and the number of survivors is lessened.

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—and still more terrifying outbreaks which I do not for the moment understand, but the cause of which I quickly learn. They are the hopeless cries of victims who are seized and killed by sharks. Remember, we are in southern waters, in the southern summer, and the Indian Ocean thereabouts is swarming with these cruel monsters.

And yet, in all that time of suffering and terror, I am strangely undisturbed in mind. I cannot swim, but I have my spar to keep me up, and the knowledge that I am so near the land is wonderfully comforting and helpful. I have a feeling, too, that, having escaped so far, when so many have been swept to death, I shall be saved at last—and this conviction grows upon me even as the number of my comrades lessens.

Picture for yourself the long-drawn agony of those hours of darkness, in spite of all the hope that fills me, and the senses which are growing dulled; and imagine, if you can, the scene when the night is passing, and the tropic dawn comes quickly.

The daylight shows me dangers which the gloom has mercifully hidden. The mainmast of the sunken *Birkenhead* shoots upwards from the sea, and its spars and rigging are crowded with men, clinging, fly-like, to the ropes and timbers. With bits of mast and wood from the deck, trusses of hay, cabin furniture, and anything and everything that will float, men are holding their heads above water, casting yearning glances towards that shore which is so near and yet so far, and always looking for a sight of sail or help.

What is that strange object which is moving steathily and swiftly through the water near me? It disappears suddenly, and I know that it is the fin of a shark, which has turned on his back for his savage and always sure attack. There is a piercing cry, and a tinging red of the sea—and the number of survivors is lessened. Time after time that awful drama is played, and the senses are dulled until even such a death is robbed of terror.

Yet even now I cannot help wondering why some are taken and some are left by these monsters of the deep. I do know—and I am thankful for it—that they do not molest me, nor throughout my stay in the water does a shark so much as make a rush at me. They say that the sharks that night and day seized mostly those who were naked, while I had still my greatcoat on, and I keep it on for some time. But it goes at last.

The hours pass slowly, and I am parched with thirst; but I do not let the hope within me die. I am drifting to the land, inch by inch only, because I am held a prisoner in a mass of sea bamboo, which is worse than any weed, and proves the death of many a poor fellow who might otherwise escape. It is like a floating jungle. Through this enveloping obstruction I and my spar are driven by the tide towards the coast, and at last I am within a stone's throw of the land.

All this time the men, exhausted, are dropping from the mast into the sea, and are letting go their frail supports; but I am absorbed in my own position, full of my own miseries, able only to think of my own salvation. I have reached the limit of my endurance, and am the plaything only of the sullen swell which rolls ashore.

And now, just when salvation seems assured, I am met by my greatest danger. I am hurled into the heavy surf, which is like to break or crush me. It is as if the ruthless sea was making one last effort to claim me, who have defied it so long, and is determined to wrench me from my spar. But I struggle desperately still, and at last, just after sundown, I am thrown, like flotsam, on the beach, bruised and bleeding, hungry, thirsty, almost senseless, utterly exhausted, and stripped of every scrap of clothing—after eighteen hours in that remorseless sea.

I lie where the waves have thrown me, caring nothing, and fall into a log-like sleep till morning, when I join some of my unhappy comrades who have been saved also.

There—that is my old man's story. What else is there to tell? What else can there be?

I join my regiment, and march and fight as if there had been no *Birkenhead* disaster. It is soldiering—and it is discipline.

Yes, that all-conquering discipline—for of all the women and children not one is lost.

Because of that, and because we obeyed—I and the rest of us are satisfied.

Next month the tremendous Story of the Siege and Storming of Sebastopol is related by one of the Survivors.

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MARRIED IN HASTE.

The Romance of a . . . Railway . . Journey. . .

By . . Una Q. Hudson.

It was while Carringsford and I—he in the capacity of groom, I as best man—were awaiting the signal to proceed to the altar where we were to meet the bride that I imparted to him my views concerning the conventional wedding.

"If," I said, "which Heaven forbid! I ever reach that stage of drivelling idiocy where I am willing to take a woman for better or worse—chiefly the latter—I can tell you that the sacrifice——"

"Of whom?" Carringsford blandly inquired.

"Of both of us," I snapped, "is going to be consummated in the simplest, most unostentatious manner possible."

Carringsford smiled pityingly. "I suppose," he said, "that every mother's son of us has said that same thing at some time during his life. But just you wait till you meet the right girl—the *only* girl, in fact——"

Carringsford rolled up his eyes and clasped his hands ecstatically, which is an unwise thing to do if you happen to be wearing tight kid gloves. There was an ominous r-r-r-i-p, and Carringsford was ruefully examining a split two inches long in the palm of his right glove.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, "what will Nan say to *that?*"

My private opinion (which I refrained from sharing with Carringsford) was that she wouldn't say anything, for the reason that she very probably wouldn't see it. She'd be so taken up with the "set" of her train and the "hang" of her veil (I trust those terms are technically correct) that she wouldn't have eyes for anything else.

"*Can't* we go out and buy another pair?" Carringsford was frantically demanding—Carringsford was very much in love and hopelessly imbecile—"You see Nan——"

"Oh, shut up," I said, hastily stripping off my right glove. "Here, take mine."

Carringsford put it on gingerly. "Thanks, old man," he said. "Sorry you will have to wear the torn one, but then you know——"

"Oh," I said, "I've been to weddings before. You don't have to remind me that nobody'll notice whether I'm wearing pyjamas or trousers."

Carringsford is exact always, even in times of emotional stress. "Oh," he remonstrated, "I really think they'd notice *that*. But what I meant was——"

"Oh, that's all right," I interrupted. "Of course you know, and I know, and everybody knows that the bride's the whole thing. This is *her* show, and if I'm not mistaken they're motioning us to come on."

"The dearest girl, the *only* girl!" I heard that idiot Carringsford murmur. But this time he carefully refrained from clasping his hands, and we went forward to meet the bride.

As I watched her coming up the aisle it began to dawn on me that I had done her an injustice. She was looking straight at Carringsford, and I don't believe she even knew whether or not she had a train and a veil.

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Not Eve herself, on the occasion of her initial presentation to Adam, could have been more unconscious of self.

It suddenly struck me that perhaps Carringsford wasn't such an idiot after all. I looked at his commonplace, good-natured face, and, by Jove! it was actually transfigured. Now, if love can so transform a plain man that he barely misses being handsome, then I, for one, say love is a very desirable thing to keep about the house, if only for purely æsthetic reasons. The pity of it is not that so many people *fall* in love, but that so few *stay* there.

I don't consider a wedding a particularly cheerful function; it's apt to make an unattached bachelor, even though he affect a cynical disbelief in love and marriage, feel lonely. So, for my part, I was glad when the last handful of rice had been thrown, and we found ourselves *en route* to the station. I say "we" advisedly, for I also was leaving town, and had been offered a seat in the bridal carriage.

It is something of a trial to alight from a carriage artistically tied up with knots of white satin ribbon in the face of a curious crowd, and I flattered myself friendship could go no further than to share that affliction with the bride and groom.

But therein I made a mistake. Friendship, albeit unconsciously, both could and did go further—much further. But of this, more anon.

I assisted Carringsford and the newly-made Mrs. Carringsford into the train for town, and myself took one bound for the North.

A lady was just entering the carriage (a corridor one) which I was meaning to occupy as I arrived at it, and I, as any gentleman would, rendered her such slight assistance as I was able in the disposal of her luggage, and seated myself opposite her. She indicated the place beside her with pretty friendliness.

"It's so horrid," she said, "to ride with one's back to the engine. Won't you——?"

I would, and I did. And that, too, without unnecessary delay.

"It's awfully good of you," I murmured inadequately.

"Not at all," she laughed back. "I'm merely doing as I would be done by."

I confess I hoped she would show a disposition to continue the conversation, but, having said all that courtesy demanded and kindness prompted, she flashed me a final smile and became absorbed in a magazine.

For my part, I did not care to read. It was so much more absorbing just to sit and watch the girl beside me. She had a most fascinating profile, though her features were neither regular nor classically perfect. Her hair waved away from her face and curled about her ears, which were small and daintily shaped, and—well, there are a lot of other details I might supply, but it is quite sufficient to say that I'd never seen anyone so altogether good to look at as that girl.

I suppose she must have felt my eyes riveted upon her, for she turned casually and glanced in my direction. In fact this happened three times. The first time I turned my eyes hastily aside, the next, she blushed like a beautiful pink rose, and we both smiled. But the third time she lifted an investigating hand to her hair.

"Is it all right?" she questioned seriously, though I thought I detected a twinkle in her eye.

"It's perfectly beautiful," I responded fervently. And it suddenly occurred to me that Carringsford by no means had a "corner" in imbecility.

Her face that had been like a pink rose now resembled nothing so much as a full-blown red one.

"Oh!" she said. And retired precipitately behind the pages of her magazine.

It occurred to me to follow her example. Only by giving them other and instant occupation could I hope to force my unruly eyes from her face. I remembered that I had a magazine in my kitbag, and lifted it off the seat in front of me. I opened it with a jerk, and, at a moderate estimate, about five pounds of rice streamed out. The hard little white grains covered the seat, and rattled down to the floor. In the space of about two seconds the whole section which we occupied was strewn with rice.

Everybody grinned — audibly, and the attendant ran for broom and dust-pan. The girl in the seat beside me shut her magazine and leant forward interestedly.

"Oh," she said sympathetically, "did you forget her, or lose her, or what?"

"There is no 'her'," I said. "I've merely got the groom's kitbag instead of my own."

"Oh," said the girl again. "Did you do it on purpose? How sweet of you! I'd no idea friendship could go so far."

"It couldn't," I said. "I rode down with them, and I must have mixed the bags. And," I confessed miserably, "it was I who put that rice there."

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The girl clapped her hands gleefully. "Why, it's a case of poetic justice," she cried.

"Poetic injustice, you mean," I corrected.

It was clear she had but an imperfect comprehension of all the situation implied. It was the attendant who enlightened her.

"If your lady'll move, sir," he suggested deferentially.

Her face flamed, but her eyes laughed. Clearly she was not without a saving sense of humour. She got up, composedly enough, and the attendant brushed rice out of the folds of her skirt, and dug it out of the corners of the seat.

The stout, middle-aged gentleman across the gangway chuckled audibly, and deftly twisting a newspaper into a cornucopia offered it to me. "The dust-pan," he remarked affably, "is all right so far as it goes, but it doesn't—er—appear to go far enough."

I glared, but accepted the cornucopia, for the dust-pan was indeed painfully inadequate to hold all that flood of rice.

When the attendant had at last gathered up the whole of the tell-tale white grains, and left us to ourselves I, metaphorically speaking, grovelled in the dust at the girl's feet.

"I'll do *anything*," I said, "that you may suggest."

"It seems to me," she said, "that you've about reached the limit already."

"I might," I hazarded tentatively, "tell them we're not married."

She lifted her pretty brows. "Would they," she questioned, "believe you, do you think?"

I was obliged to admit that circumstantial evidence was strongly against us.

"If it's not *too* distasteful to you," she said, "I think we'd better just accept the situation and make the best of it."

I gave a gasp of pure, unadulterated rapture, and felt that I could positively love that girl.

"You're an angel," I said, "and if it weren't so spectacular I'd get down and kiss the toes of your little shoes. You're actually going to let me sit here and talk to you quite as though nothing had happened?"

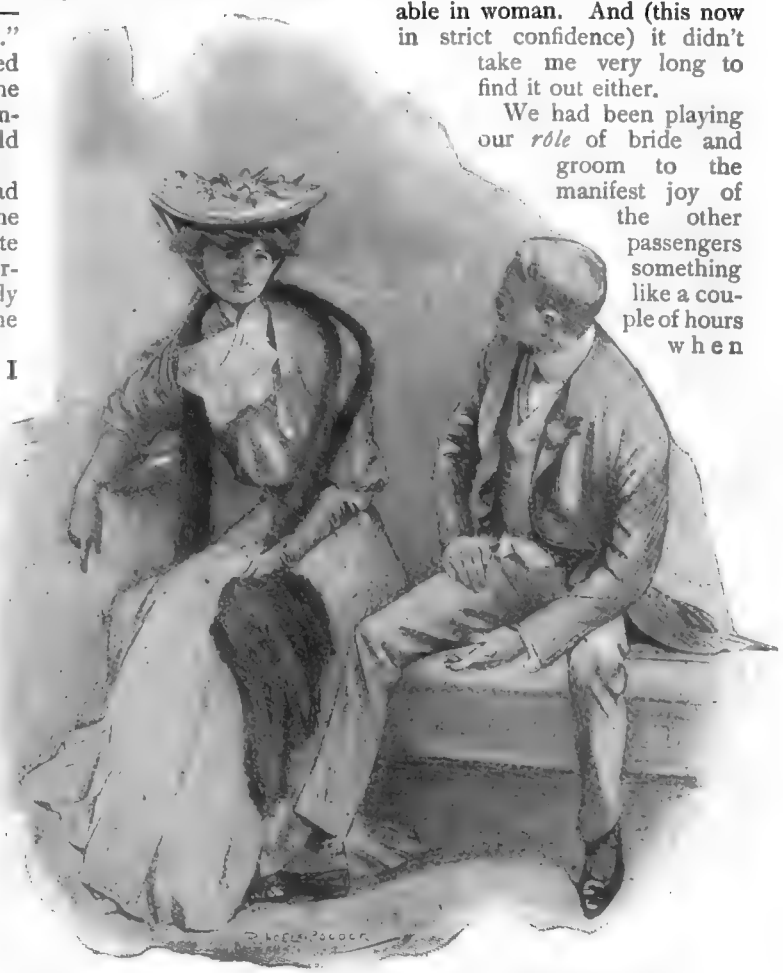
"Before it happened," she reminded me demurely, "we were not talking."

"True, we were not," I said. "But we—we're going to now, aren't we?"

"Of several evils," she said, "it certainly seems the least. We wouldn't, you know, want them to think we'd quarrelled."

That girl was a trump. Indeed I may go even further and affirm that she was, and is, all that is most sweet and lovely and desirable in woman. And (this now in strict confidence) it didn't take me very long to find it out either.

We had been playing our *rôle* of bride and groom to the manifest joy of the other passengers something like a couple of hours when



"Oh," she said sympathetically, "did you forget her, or lose her, or what?"

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Dick Harrington turned up. He is a sociable chap, and I don't believe he ever was in a corridor train in his life without walking through the carriages every half hour on the chance of running across somebody he knew.

He worked my hand up and down like a pump handle and dropped into the seat opposite me. There is a good deal of Dick, and he gave my b .g a shove to make room for his somewhat portly person. The result was that a handful of rice that had somehow escaped the attendant was dislodged and trickled down to the floor, a white, incriminating stream.

There was only one thing to do and I did it. I introduced that girl whom I had never seen till that afternoon, and whose name I did not even know, to Dick as my wife.

I stuttered and stammered to the obvious enjoyment of the stout, middle-aged man across the gangway; and the pert young woman in the seat behind remarked quite audibly that evidently I hadn't had much practice. Dick Harrington congratulated us cordially and effusively, and in a voice distinctly audible to quite three-fourths of our fellow passengers.

"The plot thickens," I remarked, when at last he left us. My supposed wife nodded and blushed, but neither of us suspected how very thick it had become.

My first inkling that matters had passed beyond our control came from the stout gentleman. Disregarding the etiquette of the occasion that provides that a bride and groom should be left alone, he came over and possessed himself of the seat just vacated by Dick Harrington. His ostensible reason was that he wished to look at the scenery from our side of the carriage, but I more than half suspected him of a desire to study at close range a newly-married couple.

"Nice country this," he remarked conversationally. "It is nicknamed 'Lover's Paradise.'"

"Yes?" I said politely.

"It's so easy for people to get married here," the stout gentleman explained.

I intimated that marriage was comparatively easy of achievement anywhere.

"But in Scotland—we've just crossed the Border"—the stout man insisted, "all you have to do is to introduce a woman as your wife before two competent witnesses. Then you're tied up as hard and fast as the law demands."

I unfolded a newspaper and held it screen-like before our faces while I kissed her.

Now it is not particularly difficult to maintain a cheerful and *débonnaire* exterior in the face of a misapprehension as to one's married state, but it is quite another thing to find that one has all unwittingly exchanged one's state of single blessedness for that of marital bliss.

I gasped twice after the manner of one unexpectedly plunged into cold water, and wondered what that girl would think, and say, and do—most of all what she would *do*.

She was listening to our stout friend's somewhat rambling remarks with a pretty smile and precisely the right show of interest, and it was perfectly evident she had not thought to make personal application of his very remarkable piece of information,

Mine must, I knew, be the pleasant task of

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breaking the news to her, but I was in no hurry to begin, and when the stout gentleman at last went back to his section my state of mind was but little short of panic-stricken.

I cleared my throat three times, and finally remarked:

"Did you hear what our stout friend said about our being married?"

"He said such a lot of things," she murmured apologetically. And then quite suddenly and without any warning whatever she turned her face to the window and began to cry softly.

I was dumfounded, for really I hadn't expected her to collapse like that. As I could think of nothing else to do I offered to go out and commit suicide.

She caught my arm and clung to it with both hands. "Don't you dare!" she cried. "You goose, don't you know tears of joy when you see them?"

"W—h—a—a—t?" I stammered, too astonished for coherent speech.

She swallowed a sob and nodded.

"You *dear* girl," I murmured ecstatically, "do you mean to tell me you're crying for joy because you're married to *me?*"

"Because I'm *married*," she corrected quickly, "Not necessarily because I'm married to *you*."

It was like a dash of cold water. "Oh!" I said disconsolately.

"You see," she explained, "my sister is a positively notorious matchmaker, and I'm to be the next victim, and I perfectly loathe the man she's picked out to be my husband. And if I'm married to you I can't marry him, can I?"

"Certainly not," I said with conviction.

"Then," she said, "if you're not engaged, or—or anything——"

"I'm not," I assured her promptly.

I possessed myself of both her hands—a bridegroom has privileges the travelling public is bound to respect—and I urged my suit with an ardour of which twenty-four hours before I would not have believed myself capable.

"Let us get off at the first stopping-place," I said, "and go and hunt up a minister—just to make things all ship-shape, you know. Dear little girl, I've only known you about four hours, but that's long enough to convince me that you're the one girl in all the world for me."

"Oh," she gasped, "you quite take my breath away. Why, you don't even know my name!"

"But I do," I said triumphantly. "It's the same as mine."

"I mean," she said, with a beautiful blush, "my first name. You don't even know what to call me."

"Indeed I do," I insisted. "I've always thought I'd like to call my wife 'Sweetheart' or 'Dearest,' or——"

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "that dreadful girl behind us will be sure to hear you."

"Not unless I raise my voice considerably," I said with cheerful assurance. "And that I've no intention of doing. Sweetheart," I coaxed, "you'd rather be married to me than to the man your sister's picked out for you, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," she said demurely, "I think I should."

"Bless you for that," I said fervently. "Then, don't you think that, perhaps, in time——"

Her slim fingers fluttered in my grasp, but she lifted her eyes and looked straight and steadily into mine.

"Oh," she whispered softly, "don't you know that I'd rather be married to you than to anybody else in all the world?"

I suppose it wasn't the thing to do, but, as I said before, a bridegroom has privileges. I unfolded a newspaper and held it screen-like before our faces while I kissed her.

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Study of a foxhound for one of Mr. Strutt's hunting pictures.
By permission of the Artist.

ANIMALS THROUGH HUMOROUS EYES.

An Anecdotal Article on the Work of Mr. Strutt.

By Lenore Van der Veer.

In the pictures of animal life by Mr. Alfred W. Strutt one sees the personality of a man who looks on things in a mildly humorous way and finds much to interest him through observing the queer ways and notions of all animal kind.

Mr. Strutt comes from a long line of painter folk, being of the fourth generation in which this art has been a distinguishing feature of the male members of the family.

He was born in New Zealand, and the old black woman who nursed him always declared that he was the spirit of her own child come back in the form of a white.

Early in childhood Mr. Strutt was brought to England, when his passion for animals led his father to put him through a course in drawing from all kinds of domestic pets, horses, dogs, cats, chickens, rabbits—every animal, in fact, that came within his range of country life.

From the very beginning it was noticed that he was never content to simply *draw* an animal, he must always try to make a *picture* of it, and most often one in which there was something humorous. Even as a boy he showed keen pleasure in making pictures that told stories.

His earliest work at the Royal Academy mostly told tales of that naughty little creature, the stoat, more familiarly known as the ermine. His interest in this little fellow's nefarious ways came from his having caught him one morning peeping slyly at a mother partridge sitting contentedly upon her nest of eggs, all unconscious of the wicked little thief waiting to raid her home of its treasures. Something in the saucy audacity of the little fellow's look struck the artist, and he painted the picture from memory, and called it, "I Hope I Don't Intrude."

At another time he saw a stoat head over ears in another dark escapade. This time he was enjoying a nestful of beautifully speckled thrush's eggs, during the absence of the mother bird. As the artist came along he glanced up with much impudence, only to resume his thieving the next moment. The little scamp's manner seemed to say: "This property is unprotected, why should I not take advantage of it?" And the incident gave Mr. Strutt a further idea for a picture.

Another time he saw a stoat stealing upon a nest of very young blackbirds, who, on hearing the sound of snapping twigs, lifted

A beautiful little sketch of a woodpecker.
By permission of the Artist.

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up their heads and opened enormously big mouths. The artist waited a moment to note the gloating way in which Mr. Stoat stood surveying his helpless prey and then quickly put an end to his villainous career with a walking stick. He saw enough, however, to suggest his making a picture of the first part of the scene. He called it "The History of a Crime."

Still another story of this wicked animal came to his notice one morning as he was enjoying an early stroll, and caused him to paint his Academy picture called "The Garotter." At the foot of his garden there was a big bed of primroses, and through this he saw a poor little rabbit struggling desperately to free himself from the grasp of a relentless stoat who gripped him at the back of his neck. In this instance, as in the former one, Mr. Strutt quickly put an end to the scene for the good of the rabbit and the downfall of his persecutor.

Mr. Strutt makes the greater number of his pictures from what he actually *sees*, and says he has seldom been at a loss for a good subject. He simply makes his home in the country, surrounded by the things he loves and observes and studies them in their natural environment.

Horses and dogs come in for a large share of interest. His first picture of a horse was founded on a pun. He watched a man cleaning down a horse, and the thought came to his mind of painting a picture to the title of "Scraping an Acquaintance." This is now one of the artist's best-known pictures.

One day, when on a visit to a friend's house, his dog, who was a first-rate foxhound, went straight for a mounted head of a fox in the hall, and stood sniffing significantly up at him as much as to say: "Haven't we met before?" Like a flash the idea for making such a picture crossed his master's mind. He sat down and sketched the general effect straight off, and gave it the identical title that the incident suggested.

Mr. Strutt is fond of hunting, and gets lots of ideas for his pictures in the field. Once when riding he had a mishap which caused him to give up the chase and walk home, leading the disabled mount. What was his surprise to come suddenly upon the fox, ambushed and all forgetful of the frantic hounds searching for the lost scent, for, just

"Hedges have Ears."

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"How many More?"

From the Painting by Alfred W. Strutt. By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell, 160 New Bond Street, the owners of the copyright.

in front of Mr. Fox, there marched along, in majestic state, a band of most fat and luscious geese. Mr. Strutt painted this situation, calling the picture "Dazzled."

His picture called "Any Port in a Storm" was taken from life. Mr. Strutt did not see it himself, but friends did and told him about it later on. They were riding furiously to close, when the desperate little fox, driven to extremities, took refuge on a chicken dealer's basket, while the hounds bayed round the cart and tryed to jump up after him.

Just then up came the huntsmen blowing their horns, and away went the donkey, frightened out of his wits. The riders and pack gave chase, but nothing could stop the donkey until he reached his own gate. By that time the fox had managed to refresh himself, and off he bounded and shot away across fields like a meteor.

This story gave Mr. Strutt the situation for three pictures. The first one where the fox jumped upon the baskets is called "Any Port in a Storm." The donkey running off with the chicken cart and fox, while the field was in hot pursuit, came in good for a laugh under the title "The Run of the Season"; while the dashing away of the little hunted creature called for the picture, "Not Caught Yet."

One of Mr. Strutt's most laughable pictures is called "In a Fix," and shows an old market woman stuck in mid-stream trying her best to persuade her stubborn donkey to go on, but he refuses to budge.

The artist was walking home from the railway station one day and came upon this troubled scene. The sulky donkey was a pretty grey animal, and wore a ragged collar of a beautiful red colour, with the straw stuffing poking out here and there, and his little harness all rusty and patched. The artist at once declared him to be a perfect "colour harmony," and waited patiently until he decided to "move on," then tracked him home and made a bargain with the driver to come and be painted, old blue cart and all. Mr. Strutt found the old couple who owned him quite as paintable as the donkey, so he used the entire family in various pictures.

A very small thing often starts Mr. Strutt off on a fresh picture. Sometimes a peculiar look from a pair of eloquent dumb eyes gives him a thought, and a new situation takes form in his mind.

Horses afford him many inspirations, but he loves best the unpretentious, homely kind which are seen at all kinds of duties. The white horse he painted in "How many More?" shown in the above picture, belongs to his gardener, and is devoted to the children. He loves to have them put upon his back, and always looks round as they are being helped up. He knows the minute the last

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one is on, and off he trots very carefully, as proud as anything of the distinction shown him.

Once, when sent out by an illustrated paper to make sketches of some prize cattle at a show, Mr. Strutt came upon the blue ribbon Shorthorn ox, to find him carefully swathed in a blanket and lying down. Hunting about for his keeper, the artist told him he wanted to make a sketch of the ox, and would he please remove the blanket and make him stand up.

"Look 'ere, sur," the man answered him, "that's a walable beast, an' I ain't a-goin' to disturb 'im. If you knows 'ow to draw a hox jest you set to an' draw the 'ansomest 'un you ever drawed, an' put 'is name hunder it—that's 'im as near as you can ever git!"

Another time, when sketching a beautiful little hunter at a horse show, a successful exhibitor, who knew more about horses than he did of art, came up to Mr. Strutt and asked if he could paint a picture in colour of his winner.

The artist said he would be very pleased, and then the man brought up his horse, a perfect beauty.

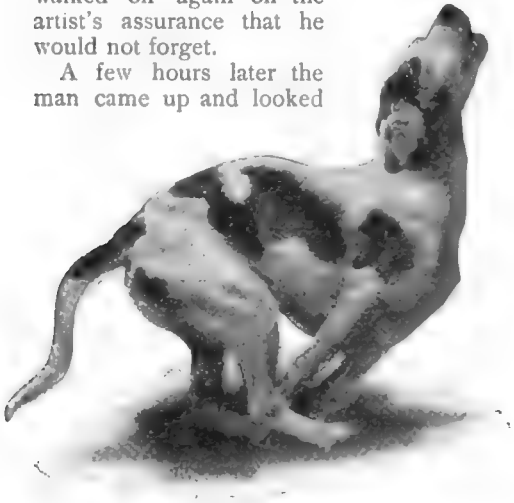
"Here he is," he exclaimed, "black as coal, not a white hair on him. Black skin, black feet, black as soot! Now, you do your best, sir."

The artist set to work.

In a little while the owner came round, stick in hand, and with a straw between his lips.

"You won't forget he's a black horse, guv'nor, will you?" and walked off again on the artist's assurance that he would not forget.

A few hours later the man came up and looked over his shoulder. He was in a rage in a minute.



A foxhound in full cry.
By permission of the Artist.

Study of a foxhound.
By permission of the Artist.

"You don't call *that* a black horse, do you?" he simply yelled at the artist. Your confounded painting is all lies! You've got light grey on his shoulder, a spot of white on his hind quarter, and more light grey on his ribs! That ain't no black horse!"

The artist tried to explain that even the blackest thing *must* catch the light somewhere; but the man could not see it, and said that if Mr. Strutt couldn't paint any better than that, the order was off!

On a sketching trip in the country, Mr. Strutt once trudged through the snow to make a study of an old cottage and picturesque stone wall, set high up the bleak sides of Riddlesdown. He sat down to work, and presently an old woman, who lived there, saw him at work in the snow and felt so sorry that she brought him a cup of tea.

She was accompanied by a mongrel dog.

"Would you paint him, sir?" she asked, "I'm poor and can't give you much, but you can have a pork chop, if you do it well—we killed a pig yesterday. I can't stop to see you paint it, sir, but you look honest, and I will trust you. There, I'll tie the dog up to the door handle and put the pork chop out on the window sill, and if you think you've done my dog proper, you can just push the picture under the door and take the chop!"

The novel commission was too good to be missed, and Mr. Strutt honestly believes that he did his level best, and took the chop afterwards. He regrets, however, that he has not yet revisited the spot, for he would like much to know if the portrait was satisfactory.

When sketching near Canterbury, in company with a fellow artist, a country yokel came up saying:

"Beg pardon, sir, but do you paint this 'ere landscape? I see ye be painting a picture of

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"Ilka Lassie has her Laddie."

From the Painting, Alfred W. Strutt. By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell, 160 New Bond Street, the owners of the copyright.

these parts, an' jest come to ask if you would come along a bit further so's to get my 'ouse in it. Your pardner 'ere is paintin' this, but if you would paint that there bit I would pay yer fur the section with my 'ouse in it."

Mr. Strutt has very amusing little models for his pictures of children. He gets them from among the country folk wherever he chances to be when at work on a study that requires them. One little fellow, who came every day for some weeks, was looked upon as quite an important personage by the other members of his family. He was a very happy-go-lucky little chap, and usually went round with his hat wrong side out and his shoe laces unfastened.

When the picture was done Mr. Strutt allowed the small boy's mother to come to the studio and have a look at it.

"This be it!" she exclaimed, on seeing it. "This be little Jimmy, see his little boot laces! Why he's as natural as life!"

When the engraving of "In a Fix" was first out there was a lot of interest shown in the study of the old woman. She was for years quite a character in the quaint little Sussex village where the artist painted the picture. She died some months before the engraving was made, and any number of prints were sold to those who had known her. The first time a copy was shown in the window of a little shop, the old woman's son happened to catch sight of it.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed to his companions, "bain't that poor old mother? In a fix? Lor, just what she always were!"

"Move On!" the picture which shows a coster boy in sore straits over a broken-down flower cart, while a policeman calmly orders him to "Move On!" came to the artist as an actual occurrence in the West End one morning. He found the boy in tears over the wreckage of his pots and posies and, like a good-hearted consoling mortal, Mr. Strutt told the boy to stop his crying and keep still among his scattered treasures long enough for him to make a sketch, and he would pay him enough to set things right again.

Just as he was in the midst of his drawing, up came a policeman to the boy and peremptorily ordered him to "move on." When he caught sight of the artist, however, he joined in the laugh and expressed sympathy for the little chap's catastrophe, little knowing that he too was destined to be painted into the famous picture.

Mr. Strutt has a very devoted little dog, a wire-haired terrier, who is always at his heels. At night he is given the sole run of the studio, and has a habit of gathering all sorts of things and piling them on the hearthrug before he goes to sleep—paint-rags, brushes, slippers, newspapers—anything and everything to be got at.

This little performance has been gone through every night for years, and every morning this same little dog's master scolds him for his naughtiness, and the mischievous culprit never fails to grow very penitent, ambling about the studio in crestfallen

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"Move On."

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fashion, until his master calls out the magic word, "Nuts!" which puts him into high spirits instantly, his special fondness for this fruit driving unhappy thoughts away.

Simple country folk have a strange way of confusing portraits done by hand with photographs.

A comely country girl one day came up to Mr. Strutt as he was painting some calves in the foreground of a large picture, and shyly asked him if he charged much for making such a "fotegraf," as she would like to have hers done just that way, with the trees and meadow all green like.

At another time the artist was approached by a rather tottery old shepherd who had often seen him at work under a white umbrella.

"Be ye always a pictur'-takin' of the meaders?" he inquired most seriously. "For who's a carin' to buy 'em?"

Mr. Strutt thinks that the craze for motor carriages will soon die away in favour of the horse, and, like every true artist, he hopes the time will come soon.

The subject of one of his latest pictures is of a broken-down motor-car, with a group of pastured horses peering over the fence at the disconcerted occupants, while some young colts in the background kick up their pretty heels in youthful abandon as their elders remark felicitously, "They'll want us yet!"

The idea for this picture came as the result of an accident to a party of motorists near the home of the artist—the horses being his own particular darlings, whose curiosity had led them from peaceful grazing to the scene of the catastrophe.

Mr. Strutt has a fancy for painting the most homely and everyday sort of subjects. To him nothing is too simple or insignificant to be put on canvas.

He once spent an entire morning working on a study of a begrimed and perspiring "boots" doing his best on a pair of "cranky" shoes that refused to come to a respectable shine.

Mr. Strutt went out one afternoon prepared to make some studies of calves in a neighbouring meadow. He had scarcely got his white umbrella pitched and his canvas faintly outlined with paint before up came the whole drove and crowded round him to see what he was doing. They poked their heads under the umbrella and upset it, and even made as if to butt the artist, while one calmly proceeded to chew the canvas frame.

He drove them back to the shady trees near the brook and settled down to work again, but they were of such an inquiring turn of mind that they would not let him alone for more than ten minutes at a time, and finally he had to go in search of a yokel to stand at some distance from him and keep them back.

"Passive Resistance."

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Real Life Romances.

Readers are Invited to Contribute to these Pages. Payment is made for all Stories used.

A Pair of New Boots.

THE TALE OF A THEFT.

HERR ZEITLER (by no means his real name), fat and pompous, cast his little, round eyes over the goodly stock of boots, shoes, and slippers that filled his shop. "The best in Hamburg," he informed the world, in large black type upon a snowy placard.

Further survey was interrupted by the entrance of a customer. Herr Zeitler saw that he was smartly dressed, and he chuckled to himself. Doubtless the stranger had read the placard, and, doubtless, it had induced him to test the unequalled merits of the establishment.

"I want a pair of boots," said the young man.

"Certainly, take a seat," said Herr Zeitler, withdrawing a pair from a cardboard box.

His customer examined them critically.

"Don't look very strong," he observed, slipping his foot into one, and lacing it up.

"Strong," echoed the little bootmaker, waxing enthusiastic, "they are stronger than Samson. . . . Ah, that fits splendidly. Try the other one, sir."

His customer obeyed.

"A trifle tight," he complained, rising and stamping his feet on the floor. "And more than a trifle thin."

"But they are good," Herr Zeitler assured him.

"What are those?" asked the young man, indicating a pair of patent leather boots at the further end of the shop.

Always obliging, Herr Zeitler hastened to fetch the shoes. Scarcely was his back turned than the customer rushed to the door, and the little bootmaker had just time to catch a glimpse of the white soles of his unequalled boots as they vanished into the street.

"Stop thief—stop thief," cried Herr Zeitler indignantly, setting off in pursuit.

But the thief would not stop.

"Stop him! Stop him! He has—stolen a pair—of my —best boots," he panted frantically, purple with heat and lack of breath.

Suddenly from the stolen boots came a sound of bursting stitches. Herr Zeitler gasped, and gasped again as he saw the sole from one of his unrivalled boots dangling on the miscreant's foot. Then with a flap it tumbled to the pavement before him. A gurgle of horror escaped the little German. He picked up the piece of leather and hastily smuggled it into a pocket. Had anyone seen? If so, his business was certainly gone. A zealous policeman took up the chase. At him Herr Zeitler shook his fist, and prayed with all his might that the thief would escape.

The papers, that night, announced that the Hamburg police had caught a man escaping with a new pair of boots, from one of which the sole had parted. But search where they would they could not find a single bootmaker who had been robbed of a pair of boots.

Suddenly from the stolen boots came a sound of bursting stitches.

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Then he lowered a long rope, and bent over the side.

The Coming of Frankel.

A LOVE ROMANCE.

TO understand this story from the beginning, your thoughts must journey to the clouds—or rather some hundreds of feet above them. And these clouds must be sailing above the Baltic Sea a little off the coast of Sweden.

In the clear atmosphere above them a balloon was idly drifting, with a brilliant sun streaming upon the great silk gas-bag. It carried one passenger. He was an aeronaut by profession, by name Frankel. Such is the first scene. The second was taking place at the same time, only a thousand feet below, in the park of a rich landowner, on the little island of Oland.

That day the rich landowner of Oland was celebrating his silver wedding. Around his house the lovely grounds were thronged with guests. People of all sorts filled the well-kept lawns—people from stately homes in Sweden, and labourers from the village—workmen employed by their host.

And amongst these, radiant and happy, moved the daughter of the house, laughing and chatting with all alike, regardless of purse or title.

A mile to east a black speck sank slowly through a grey-white bank of cloud. For a while it passed unnoticed, until someone, pointing, asked: "What is that?"

All eyes now turned to the sky.

Some said the speck must be a bird, perhaps a golden eagle. But none felt sure, until at last the thing slowly resolved itself into a balloon.

Now they could see the aeronaut moving in the basket. He seemed to be in difficulties, for a stream of sand shot out suddenly from one of the bags, suspended outside the wicker car. Then he lowered a long rope, and bent over the side. Apparently he wanted assistance. They could hear him shouting for them to catch the rope, and to drag the balloon into the open.

A dozen men sprang to obey, and between them the balloon was brought safely to the ground.

A young man sprang nimbly from the car. Hat in hand he bowed respectfully to the landowner and his wife.

"My name is Frankel," he began, "and I must ask your pardon for appearing in this unceremonious fashion. But my balloon was damaged, and I had to descend whether I liked or not."

The landowner replied that he was welcome, and pressed him to join him in the keeping up of his silver wedding.

The aeronaut was charmed. Perhaps the pretty girl that his host introduced as "my daughter" had not a little to do with his pleasure.

At any rate he stayed. And, at any rate, he talked most of the afternoon with the girl. Moreover, before the evening was ended he had accepted his host's invitation to spend a few days with them.

And the pretty girl at his side told him that she was really awfully glad that the balloon had gone wrong. And he said he was more than equally delighted.

To-day the young aeronaut is married to the daughter of the rich landowner of Oland.

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Her Husband's Spirit.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A WILL.

THE Donna Silva was a wealthy widow of Lisbon, much given over to the study of spiritualism and things occult. It happened that one day she came across a book dealing with the transmigration of souls. The subject impressed her deeply, and she pondered long over the book, endeavouring to decide into what creature she would prefer her spirit to make its abode.

Then she thought of her husband. He had been dead three years. She wondered where his soul had migrated. Perhaps it was in the little mouse that had startled her so the other day. She hoped it was not. However, in whatever creature it might be, whether bird, or even reptile, the Donna Silva felt it should be her mission in life to find out.

Fortune favoured the lady in her quest. One day, while driving in the country, she heard a cock crowing. Strangely, the note sounded quite familiar. It reminded her of her late husband. And then she knew that it was he, calling for her to come to him.

So the Donna went, and soon found herself face to face with a handsome rooster, who, perched on a hay-rick, made melody for miles around.

At the sight the lady could scarcely repress her feelings. Only the inborn timidity of the rooster prevented her doing so, so overjoyed was she at finding her husband in such comfortable quarters.

Without waiting to inform the owner who really ruled his roost, the Donna Silva bought the bird, and quickly drove home with it seated, much scared, beside her. As she watched him strutting among her poultry, she felt more satisfied than ever that her husband's spirit lay behind his gay plumage. And the way all the hens in the roost stood round in adoring groups was typical of Pedro. She remembered how everyone used to admire him—his dancing, his gallant bearing, and courtly manners. There was not the slightest doubt that the bird possessed his spirit.

When the Donna Silva's relatives heard of the bird they were naturally very indignant. In vain they pointed out that her doings would certainly lead to the asylum; the Donna Silva only laughed, and explained that she was acting quite consistently with her beliefs. Moreover, to show that she would brook no influence, she ordered a magnificent house to be built for the bird, and named him Pedro, after her husband.

About three months ago the old lady died. Then her relatives, who had comforted themselves that the bird was not a human being, found that they were not much better off than if it had been. For in her will the Donna left all her riches, her silver, rare paintings, jewels—everything to Pedro, the rooster in the garden.

Poor Pedro did not long enjoy his wealth. For, ten minutes after the will had been read, the exasperated relatives of the old lady burst into his fine house, and promptly twisted his neck.

Thus died the wealthiest rooster in the world.

She felt more satisfied than ever that her husband's spirit lay behind his gay plumage.

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The Level-Crossing.

A MOTOR-CAR EXPERIENCE.

ABOUT the middle of last April, a powerful Mercedes car might have been seen whizzing along one of the straight, hedgeless roads leading to Havre.

In front, driving the car, sat a gentleman, clad in a heavy fur coat, his face half hidden by a motor-mask. Beside him was a lady, and two others also sat behind, their thick white veils streaming in the wind.

The driver was Sir Duncan Hay, of Peebles; two of the ladies were his sisters, and the third was a friend.

Past Tancarville, seventeen miles from Havre, the road led through an avenue of trees. Overhead the thick branches met, forming a long, gloomy, green and brown tunnel, hiding from view everything but the white road.

Down this the car rushed, raising a cloud of dust, whilst the thick trunks of the trees danced by in wild confusion. It was exhilarating to travel at such speed. Not a solitary pedestrian was in sight, so there was little danger. And no speed regulations troubled the conscience of the driver.

Half-way down the avenue, a gleam of steel flashed in Sir Duncan's eyes. Evidently they were approaching a level-crossing. In France such places are not protected by gates, nor is a man employed to warn the wayfarer of approaching trains.

Oblivious of danger, Sir Duncan approached the crossing at full speed. Suddenly a shrill whistle sounded above the sharp rattle of the car's machinery. A cry of terror burst from one of the ladies, as the heavy rumble of an approaching train fell on her ears. Sir Duncan heard it also.

Despairingly he jammed on the brakes.

Another shrill whistle rose, and through the trees a train burst into view.

The car swerved in answer to the brakes but nothing could stay its mad rush to destruction. With a fearful crash, it hurled itself against the engine.

* * * * *

The train came to a standstill, and from the engine there descended a white-faced driver. As he rushed towards the wrecked car his hands were raised in horror. It seemed well nigh impossible that anyone could have escaped.

His eyes caught the prostrate form of a lady, lying a few yards from the wreck. He wondered if she were dead.

As he bent over her, he saw her open her eyes. Then she sat up, and with a cry of joy he helped her to rise.

Despairingly he jammed on the brakes.

But there were others. They, at least, must have been killed, or badly injured. They also, however, had risen and were standing, with torn clothes, contemplating the car, now a crumpled mass of iron and smouldering wood.

The same night the four who had escaped death almost by a miracle left Havre for Southampton, no doubt glad to arrive in a country where the level-crossings are securely guarded.

They will probably never, in subsequent travels on a motor-car, have a narrower escape from death than the one at the level-crossing on the Havre road.

It is highly improbable that even now any of the party approach a level crossing in a motor-car without thinking of their adventure in France.

The unguarded state of the level crossings in that country is a fruitful source of danger to traffic of all kinds, and accidents are of frequent occurrence.

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Through Debt.

THE STORY OF A CRIME.

THE following story of a terrible crime committed by a Russian officer and its strange sequel appears more like a tale from Alexandre Dumas than a simple statement of an actual happening.

As the principal person concerned is still living, let him be called Halkoff. He has just been released from a long term of imprisonment in Saghalien Island.

Twenty years ago Lieutenant Halkoff was one of the smartest officers in St. Petersburg, and by far the most popular. Every house in the city was open to him, from the mansions of the wealthy to the palace of the Grand Duke.

Yet, in spite of this, Halkoff was not happy. He was in debt. Ruin stared him in the face. For a time he had been able to stave off the peril by borrowing large sums from a moneylender.

But a day of reckoning must come. The moneylender would not remain patient for ever. To Halkoff it seemed that only one loophole lay open to him. He must marry—and marry wealth.

Some weeks later it was whispered amongst the fashionable that the Lieutenant had become engaged to a wealthy widow.

Even this event brought little happiness to Halkoff. Day and night he was haunted by a terrible fear lest the moneylender should demand payment, and thus bring down his ruin before the marriage took place.

One morning, the third after his engagement had been announced in the newspapers, Halkoff received a letter. A glance at the envelope told him from whom it came. He tore it open, reading the curt contents with feverish haste.

He drew his sword and lashed blindly at the bent figure of the old usurer.

What did it mean? Why did the moneylender congratulate him, and then, in words full of meaning, add that he had prepared a great *surprise* for his client's wedding-day? To Halkoff it sounded as a threat. There was a fiendish satire in the lines.

His wedding-day! The thought drove him mad. He snatched his sword from the table, and, half running, burst into the moneylender's office.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

The Jew smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Then an ungovernable fury came over the Lieutenant. He drew his sword, and lashed blindly at the bent figure of the old usurer.

Then he fled from the office, leaving the old man—dead!

* * *

In a drawer in the moneylender's office was found a letter addressed to Lieutenant Halkoff. When opened, it revealed the "surprise" that the old man had intended for his client's wedding. It was not a demand for instant payment, but a full acquittal of every penny that Halkoff owed him. Moreover, when the old Jew's will was opened it was discovered he had left all he possessed to—the man that had taken his life. For the intended bride was the moneylender's god-child.

The feelings of Lieutenant Halkoff when these facts were discovered were indescribable. Rage, disappointment, and remorse all found a place in his heart—but it was too late. He had wrecked his life, and a convict prison was all that the future held for him.

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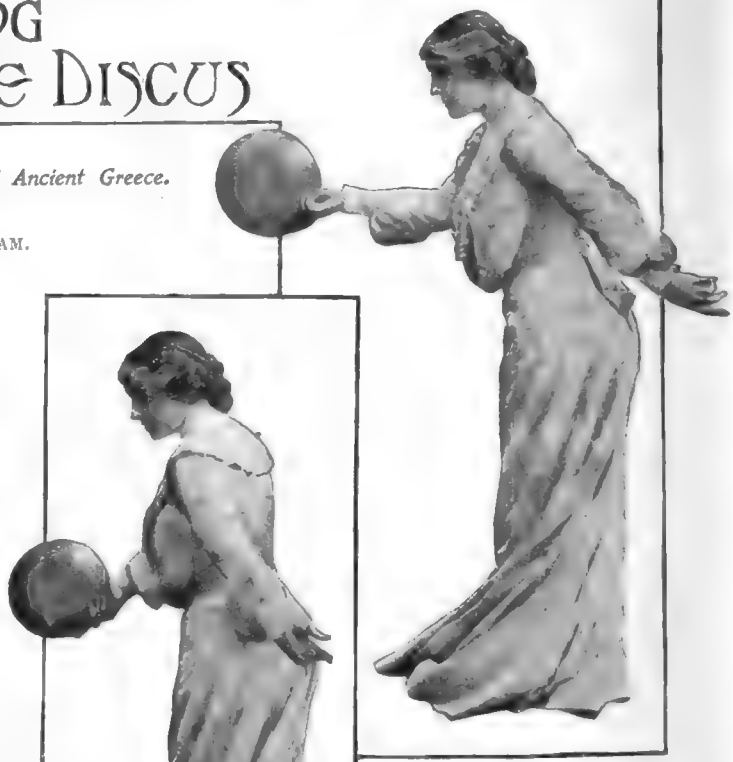
Throwing the Discus

The Revival of a Game of Ancient Greece.

By S. Bertram.



Take steady aim before throwing the discus.

Remember the discus is very light; too much strength will spoil the best shot.

This is a time when people have come to realise that no new game can stay long in popular favour. Take ping-pong. No game ever reached its zenith of popularity in so short a time. Clubs were formed, tournaments arranged, from the nobleman's castle to Park Lane, and thence down to the village club, the little celluloid balls tapped the table and flew over the gauze net.

To-day, where is ping-pong?

It would seem that through the short-lived-ness of athletic games, beyond a few fixtures, such as cricket, football, golf, tennis, hockey, and croquet, a constant supply of fresh games is required.

Now, discus-throwing has found favour in a small society. Glance at the pictures. The game looks modern enough; but it is not in reality. Discus-throwing was played by the Greeks thousands of years ago. Once the most popular amusement of the distant past, it, somehow or other, became prosaic and gradually declined until it developed into the simple game of quoits.

"How do people think of reviving games?" is a pertinent question. And what started the fashion is even more so. In this case an answer can be given. What probably attracted attention to discus-throwing was the wonderful grace and power shown by the Greeks at the Olympian games held at Athens some few years ago. English and American people were astonished at the skill with which the competitors threw the discus.

Inquiry disclosed the fact that discus-throwing, under another name, is played in almost every village in Greece. In fact, it is an institution, and despite the general opinion that it was a game of the past it had never really died out of practice.

But it was to women rather than to men that the game most appealed. They noticed that the pastime gave a peculiarly symmetrical development to the muscles of the arms, shoulders, and waist.

From that time discus-throwing began to find favour, especially in America.

The game is played somewhat similarly to quoits. Instead of the heavy steel rings, light discs are used. For women these are

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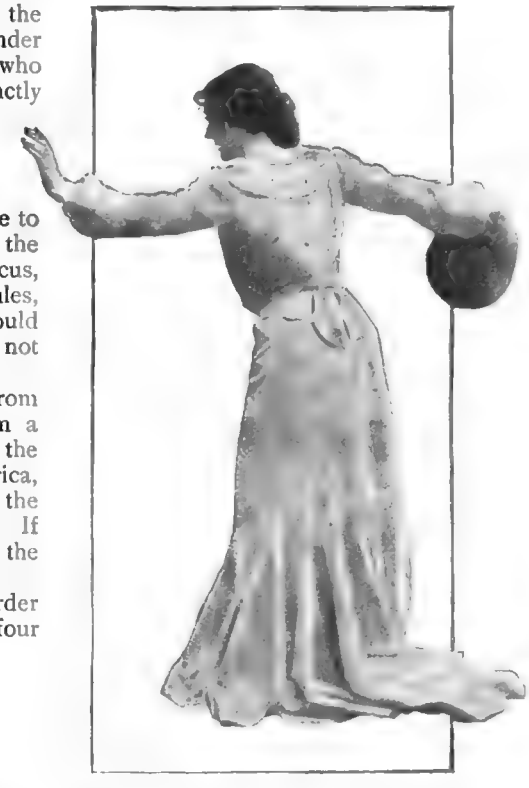
made of hollow steel or aluminium, so as to reduce strain on the muscles to a minimum. In fact, the majority of devotees prefer to use as light and slender a discus as possible. Some, of course, there are who insist on using a heavy discus. Although distinctly easier to aim on account of its greater weight making it steadier in flight, a much larger amount of energy is required in the throwing.

The hurling of a discus is a pretty sight, so much so, that all who see it are filled with a desire to join in the sport. There is no time to be dull in the game, for as soon as a player has thrown her discus, she must fetch it herself. This is one of the rules, and a very wise one too, for there are girls who would never dream of troubling to do this, were they not absolutely compelled.

The manner of modern discus-throwing differs from that of the ancient Greeks. The latter threw from a fixed mark to the greatest possible distance. In the modern game, as practised in England and America, the discus is thrown from a box nine feet square, the throw being measured from the front of the box. If the throw is at either side, it is measured from the box straight out to a point opposite the discus.

It is an odd fact that the lighter a discus is, the harder it is to throw. The weight is usually about four pounds seven ounces. Throwing the discus, or ladies' quoits as it might well be called, is devoid of all inelegancies, however inexpert the player may be. The movements of the arm necessary to hurling the discus are naturally graceful. Even the veriest tyro would find it hard to be awkward.



This is the proper position viewed from behind.

The front view of a discus thrower just about to throw.

Apart from mere pictorial effect, the pastime is even more beneficial to women than Indian club or dumb-bell exercise. The long sweep of the arm essential to the hurling of the discus expands the chest. To a girl with arms too slender in proportion to the body, the change it makes is simply wonderful. The wrist hardens and becomes smaller, whilst the fore-arm increases rapidly in a long-tapering curve upwards. In addition, the biceps are enlarged, so as to make a symmetrical continuation of the fore-arm. Even angular shoulders are soon covered with well-rounded muscular tissue.

Nor is this all. A skinny neck, never an attribute of beauty, is improved, and the hollow between the neck and the collar-bone is quickly filled up.

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A MATTER OF MILES

The Story of How a Pedometer almost Caused a Tragedy.

By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.

Young Mrs. Spurr ran her small pink finger down the ironmonger's catalogue, and then frowned as she threw the unsatisfactory circular into the waste-paper basket.

"I *should* have thought *they* would have kept them," she murmured, with an aggrieved pucker of her most fascinating little red mouth.

It certainly *was* irritating to find that not a single jeweller or ironmonger either in the small progressive towns of Barleyhampton or Wheatfields, or any of the surrounding villages, stocked the article she required.

Did she really require it, or—or—was the scheme not quite honourable and straight, after all?

For a moment or two her face assumed that picturesque pensiveness common to artistic platinotype photographs.

"Is a woman only born to trust?" she asked herself. "Trust—*trust!*—like—like a dog holding a piece of meat on his nose, and waiting for the name of a fiscal statesman before he devours his tit-bit!"

The pensiveness quickly gave way to a very young burst of merriment—Evelyn Spurr thoroughly enjoyed her own little joke.

"No," she said, when her amusement had laughed itself out, "*I* will not wait with a piece of meat on *my* nose! I *won't* trust—*I will find out!*"

Having comfortably put her scruples out of the way (she'd know where to find them when she wanted them again), young Mrs. Spurr once more debated as to how the required article could be procured before the following evening.

She couldn't run up to town; besides, she wouldn't know where to go for her purchase even if she *did;* there wasn't time to—ah! of course—brilliant idea!

The stores list!

Why *hadn't* she thought of it before? Where was it? In the sideboard cupboard? Ah! yes, here it was, behind the biscuit-box.

"Now let me see," fluttered Evelyn, quickly turning over the pages, "A—F—H—M—N—O—P—*now, have* they got it or have they *not?*"

After the pink little finger had once more travelled at express speed over lines of printed columns, young Mrs. Spurr gave a quick cry of triumph and delight.

There it was! *Eureka!*

All she need do would be to send a wire telling them to dispatch one immediately, and it would arrive in time.

Now for her ugly doubts to be for ever dispelled, or to be—oh! the pity of it all!—or to be *justified!*

When the gardener had been sent off with the telegram, Mrs. Spurr returned to the drawing-room, and was just about to sit down and revel in the excitement of the situation, when the door opened and her husband entered, looking particularly British, honourable, and handsome in his riding get-up, with brown, wind-blown cheeks and frost-brightened eyes.

For a second Evelyn quailed, and half

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wished she hadn't sent the wire, as he bent over and crushed her chiffons with all the fervour of their pre-honeymoon days.

"Had a nice ride, dear?" she asked with jerky cheeriness, as she allowed herself to be drawn into the recesses of a vast chair that was big enough for two.

"Yes, ripping," replied Eustace.

"Did you meet anyone?"

"Er—only—Gus Preen."

"Oh!" (an almost imperceptible movement seemed to create miles between these two who occupied the same vast chair!) "Wh—what did he have to say?"

"Oh—er—nothing much—only asked me in to play 'pills' to-morrow night," answered Captain Spurr with a jauntiness that was not well done.

"How nice of him! Is—is his sister at home?"

"Nancy? Er—Miss Preen—Nancy Preen? I s'pose so—didn't ask."

"Ah! Are you going to play billiards to-morrow night, then?"

"Of course I'm not, little woman! Haven't you told me that for some reason best known to yourself you don't like my going over to Barley Hall? Well, that's enough; besides, I'm due at the club for bridge with Winwright, Carter, and Paull."

Evelyn did not answer. She had heard of these bridge parties at the local club (situated less than a quarter of a mile away) rather often lately, and on his return her husband's boots had borne more traces of mud than seemed likely after only five minutes' walk!

And from these doubts sprung the rushing, bubbling stream of her increasing suspicions.

Did Eustace really go to the adjacent Wheatfields County Club for bridge, or did he walk three miles into Barleyhampton in order to "play billiards" with Gus Preen at Barley Hall?

Yes, "billiards"—she quite believed in the "billiards with Gus," but then Gus had a sister—a dainty, dangerous, dashing, daring sister, by whom nearly every man in the county had been rejected before settling down to placid marital contentment.

And rumour *had* said that Eustace—oh! cruel, disturbing rumour!

Evelyn could picture those billiard evenings with "Gus Preen!"

The handsome oak-panelled room, the smooth green table, softly shaded lights, and there, seated on a raised divan commanding a view of the play, a languid, brown-eyed, yellow-haired girl (not quite so much girl as she used to be, though. That was one consolation!) dressed in a loose, *bizarre* dinner-gown of some nebulous shade, holding a great blue Persian cat in her arms.

She would applaud, or condemn, the strokes; then after the game was over, they would sit on the oak step at her feet, and smoke, and chaff, and bandy weak witticisms, while she would laugh that slow, low laugh deep down in her throat, as she kissed the Persian cat, and wound her white, bare arms about its beautiful fluffy body.

Evelyn could see it all—of course there was no harm in it (except Eustace's deceit in going to Barley Hall when he pretended he was at the club), but anyhow it would be better for her to *know*. And she *would* know so soon now—*so* soon!

Perhaps she had been unwise in her request that Eustace should not make a companion of Gus Preen—it may have been childish, and even an encouragement to deceit—but still as she *had* made the request, and as Eustace had given his promise, it was absolutely necessary for her to find out if he kept his word.

And so many circumstances—quite trivial, but yet significant—seemed to point out that he *hadn't*.

But to-morrow she would know.

* * * * *

"*That's* done!" murmured Mrs. Spurr to herself, as she slipped her hand into the most obscure pocket of her husband's overcoat, and then slipped it out again.

"Yes, *that's* done," she repeated, hurrying into the dining-room, where the big bronzed captain and the soup were both awaiting her arrival.

"Sorry to be late, dear," she said, relapsing into the jerky cheeriness of the evening before. "Wh— what time do you start?"

"Right away, directly we've finished, I'm afraid, dearie—I told the chaps I'd make a good long evening of it."

("A good long evening of—*what?*")

It was half-past twelve before Captain Spurr returned, so not seeing any light shining from under his wife's door, he went straight into his own room.

Of course Evelyn was asleep—dear little girl! Such a treasure—a wife who doesn't sit up for her husband!

However, Eustace's deductions were somewhat at fault.

The "dear little girl" *wasn't* asleep, although it was not until the truant one was certain to be wandering through the pyjama land of dreams, that she gave any evidence of this fact.

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Down the dark stairs crept a slender blue-dressing-gowned figure, and through the hall, into the little cloak-room.

Ah! yes, here was Eustace's coat! Damp! —(Yes, it *had* been raining) but damper than it would be likely to get after less than five minutes in the rain. Now for the pocket!

Stealthily the small hand crept in the same direction that it had crept earlier in the evening.

Yes, there it was—*there it was!*

Three minutes later young Mrs. Spurr had regained her bedroom, and there, standing beneath the revealing rays of a 30-candle power electric lamp, she gazed at *something* lying in her hand—and as she gazed all youth's gladness left her face.

"He has deceived me!" she moaned. "Eustace — Eustace — how could you after — after all you pr—promised that day by the old breakwater when I gave all of my heart and my trust and my love to you? Deceived me! Yes, *he has been to Barley Hall!* I wish — I — I — Oh! mamma, mamma—I want to come home!"

And with the last pitiful little childish plaint, the young matron, who could look so deliciously dignified in a white velvet dinner gown and diamonds, threw herself face downwards on to the eiderdown quilt, and therebedewed its blue satin surface with the first real tears of her womanhood.

Down the dark stairs crept a slender blue-dressing-gowned figure, and . . . . into the little cloak room.

Eustace had deceived her! Without a shadow of doubt he had been to Barleyhampton!

* * * * *

The next morning, when Captain Spurr had finished his solitary breakfast (Evelyn had sent a message that she would not be down) and repaired to his study, there was a sharp, brave knock at the door. (You can always tell a woman's mood by the way she knocks at a door.)

"Come in!"

And young Mrs. Spurr *came* in, her soft mouth set in unkissable lines, her tear-heavy eyes bright with the fever of defiance, and her whole bearing suggestive of an outraged empress about to make a proclamation.

"Good morning, sweethea——" began Eustace, hurrying forward only to receive a prod in the chest from a small clenched hand outstretched to ward off his embraces.

"Wait a moment, Eustace—I—I have something to say to you."

"What is it, darling? Didn't I fill it up to the right amount?"

"There are other things in the world besides cheques."

"Are there, dear? Oh! well, very likel——"

"There is HONOUR!!"

As young Mrs. Spurr recited the last word with dramatic emphasis and in large capital letters, her husband laid banter by and looked unpleasantly grave.

"What do you mean?" he said in the voice that his men feared.

"I mean that *I have d — d — discovered your deceit.*"

"Kindly explain."

At that moment Captain Spurr didn't quite look a man to be trifled with, so Evelyn explained.

"I have found out that, instead of walking about a quarter of a mile to the club where you were supposed to be playing bridge

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with four men, you walked six miles—*exactly the distance to and from Barley Hall.*"

"What the——"

"It's no good using expressive words as a dissimulation, Eustace, because I *know!* A man may lie, but a *pedometer* doesn't!"

As she finished speaking, young Mrs. Spurr held up a small, watch-like arrangement which had been sent from the stores, and which she had slipped into her husband's overcoat pocket the night before.

"It is almost useless for you to say anything," she continued, "because, after being tortured by suspicions for nearly a week, I was determined to discover if you kept your promise to me—your promise not to play billiards with Gus Preen, and—and—his sister! And I *have* discovered—so it is no good for you to attempt denial! This pedometer registers six miles, when you pretend to me that you only went to the club!"

A long, cold silence.

"Haven't you anything to say, Eustace?"

"Nothing. As you say, it is no good for me to attempt denial!"

Just as Evelyn realised that things were not going as she expected (she had been prepared for explanations, excuses, and prayers for forgiveness, while she herself maintained an attitude of granite-like inflexibility), the door opened, and a servant entered with a note for Eustace.

"Excuse me," he said, with disconcerting politeness, as he broke the seal and hastily skimmed through the hurriedly-written lines.

"Are you s—s—sure that you've n—n—nothing to say, Eustace?" repeated Evelyn when her husband had mastered the contents of his letter.

"Nothing—expect to reply to any comments you may have to make on this note," he answered, handing her the letter:

Wheatfields County Club.

DEAR SPURR,

Just a line to apologise for an offence which you don't know that I committed. Last night, while you were at bridge, I took your overcoat down and put it on in mistake for my own; and it was only when I reached Barley Hall that I found out what I had done. However, I got back to the club before you wanted to go home, but I didn't disturb you in order to apologise. I'm awfully sorry, old chap, but would you mind sending me round a faded white rose that I left in the buttonhole?

I may mention that, excepting yourself (my homage to Mrs. Spurr), I am the luckiest dog in all the continents. Last night Miss Nancy Preen promised, after the seventh time of asking, to become Mrs. Jasper Courtney!

Feeling sure you'll wish me luck, and hoping I didn't soak the coat coming home (it was raining like the dickens).

Yours, JASPER COURTNEY.

"What do you mean?" he said in the voice that his men feared.

When young Mrs. Spurr had finished reading, she committed a most unpardonable act of impropriety.

She smothered with kisses a letter written by a newly-engaged young man—then she sank down on to a hard, unkind, oak chair, and sobbed out all that was in her heart.

In a few moments she had found a far more sympathetic haven than the oak chair.

"W—w—will you ever f—f—forgive me, Eustace?"

"Yes, on two conditions."

"W—w—what are they?"

"That you give me three voluntary kisses and—a *pedometer*."

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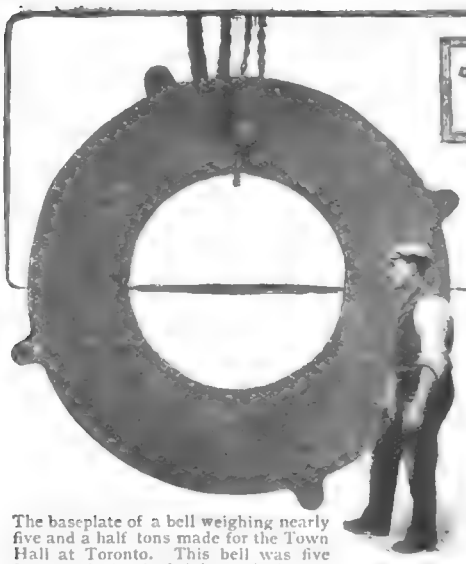
BELL CASTING



The baseplate of a bell weighing nearly five and a half tons made for the Town Hall at Toronto. This bell was five feet nine inches in height, and six feet eight inches in diameter.

How Work at a Bell Foundry is Carried On, and How Bells are Tuned.

By Wilfred Mark Webb.

In the old days, when the facilities for transport were not very great, the work of bell casting was carried on in churchyards, in order to avoid the difficult work of moving the finished article any distance.

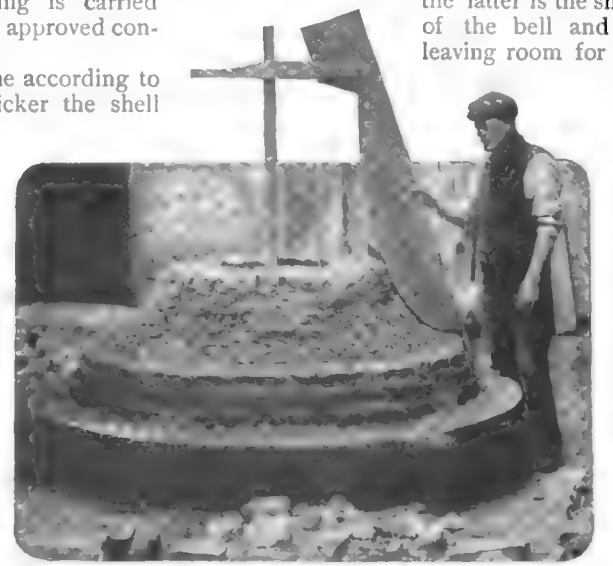
Now, however, with the advent of steam cranes, railways, and motor-lorries, all is changed.

The bell foundry of Messrs. Gillett and Johnston, of Croydon, is one of the best known and most up-to-date, and here the work of bell casting is carried on under the most approved conditions.

Bells vary in tone according to their size; the thicker the shell the deeper the tone, and the thickness is governed by the dimensions. It would be impossible to cast a mellow-toned bell weighing one hundredweight only, as such a bell would be but eighteen inches in diameter, with a maximum thickness of one inch and a half. A bell weighing a ton, however, should have a mellow sound, for its width would be four feet across the mouth, and at the thickest part—the "sound-bow," lying a little way from the extreme edge—would be three inches and a half through.

Before it is ready for hanging, a bell must go through many processes. In the first place, the exact proportions are planned out, and from these the curves are obtained. Two boards are then cut, one corresponding with the outside of the bell, the other with the inside.

The next step is to make the mould, which consists of two parts, the "core" and "case." The former provides for the hollow inside the bell, and is built up to the shape required; the latter is the shape of the outside of the bell and covers the core, leaving room for the metal to be poured in between.



Building up the "core" of a bell. By means of the curved board the desired shape is obtained. The core consists of bricks and loam.

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As a foundation to the "core," a baseplate made of iron, and somewhat larger in diameter than the bell required, is laid down. Upon this the core is constructed.

The core is composed of bricks and loam. In the centre of it is a stake, to the revolving top of which is attached the inside

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The core receiving its final shaping preparatory to being baked

pattern board by means of which the core is made to the required shape. When finished it is baked in an oven to get rid of all moisture; otherwise, when the molten metal came into contact with it, steam would be given off which might lead to sponginess in the bell and render it more liable to crack.

The "case" is an iron hood large enough to completely cover the core, and this is inverted and filled with loam, the required outlines being obtained by means of the second pattern board. On the finished inner surface is impressed any lettering or design which is to appear in relief on the outer surface of the bell.

Provision has also to be made for the formation of the "canons" or series of loops which project from the summit of the bell, and by which it is suspended.

After this, the case is dried and fitted over the core. These are then sunk into the ground at a depth sufficient to allow the molten metal to run freely into the mould straight from the furnace.

The iron hood which covers the core, and between which and the core the bell metal is poured.

Bell-metal is composed of copper and tin mixed in the proportion of four to one. The smaller bells may be dug out on the day following their casting; but those weighing a ton or more retain their heat much longer, and must be left for two or three days.

Any rough parts are now filed off, and the bell is ready to be sent away, that is, if it is to be hung alone. If it forms a part of a peal it must be tuned, which is accomplished by a special apparatus.

Bell founders usually aim at producing bells which will sound a trifle sharp, for they can be mellowed by paring off the inside of the sound-bow. It is, however, unsatisfactory to give sharpness to the tone, though this is sometimes done by removing part of the extreme edge of the bell, but the process is very apt to injure the tone altogether.

Of course, when a bell is not cast exactly right and filing it will not improve matters, it has to be re-cast, but the founders have become so expert at the business now that very seldom is a mistake made that cannot be remedied by working on the bell after it has

The hood is inverted and filled with earth, which is shaped by the help of a board curved as the outside of the bell is to be. On this surface is impressed any design that is to appear on the bell. It is then baked.

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been cast. Sometimes a whole set, consisting of six or eight bells, is cast so truly that no alteration is made in any of them, but this is rather exceptional.

It is quite possible for a single bell to be permanently out of tune. This is due to the fact that all instruments of the kind give out more than one note. There is the fundamental, or "strike" note, which is heard when the bell is rung, the "hum" note, which is much lower in pitch, the "nominal" about an octave above, and several others. These are a minor third (often the most pronounced sound after the fundamental), and a perfect fifth in the first octave, and a major third and perfect fifth in the second octave above the strike note.

In a bell properly in tune, the "hum" note should be a perfect octave below the "strike" note, and the "nominal" a perfect octave above the latter, while the minor third and fifth should also be in perfect tune with the strike note.

In no other part of the world are bells rung in the same way as they are in Britain. In Continental cities the bells remain stationary, being struck by hand or machinery, while in Britain the bell is caused to swing until its mouth is uppermost, then, as it comes to rest after describing a circle through the air, the clapper strikes it on the side.

The hood is next fitted over the core to form the mould, and they are buried in the ground. A charcoal fire is lighted on the top to complete the drying process.

The white-hot metal runs straight from the furnace, along a gutter and into the mould, where it is allowed to remain until quite cold.

The bell has now been cast, and is receiving its finishing touches. By using a file on the "sound bow"—the portion that bulges inwards—the bell is tuned.

The first peal of bells was hung in this country in the Abbey of Crowland, Lincolnshire, in the year 960. Curiously enough, the metal used then was of exactly the same composition as that employed to-day in their manufacture.

With all our modern appliances and advantages it seems that we are unable to improve upon the work of the ancients in this direction, though it is more than probable that, nowadays, the casting of a bell is accomplished in a considerably shorter time than it was in days of old.

The life of a bell is practically without end, one six hundred years old is, to all intents and purposes, as good as new.

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CAP AND BELLS

NOT LONG TO WAIT.

MR. CASH: "You have a handsome young man named Silk in your employ, I understand. He is engaged to my daughter, and I'd like you to do me a favour."

MERCHANT: "Certainly, my old friend. Want him promoted, eh?"

MR. CASH: "No. I want him kept just where he is until my daughter gets tired waiting for him to be able to marry."

MERCHANT: "Um—how long will that be?"

MR. CASH: "About six weeks."

* * * * *

Every boy inherits his father's big appetite; but every girl, unfortunately, doesn't inherit her mother's knowledge of good cooking.

NINA.

Ah, little Nina!
Nina's shy;
Nina will laugh and sing
When no one's nigh.
Nina will chat and joke
With me? Ah, no!
Although I strive to please,
And love her so.

Ah, little Nina!
Nina's fair,
With pretty, laughing eyes
And golden hair.
Nina has rosy lips
For kisses made—
I long to snatch a kiss,
But am afraid.

Ah, little Nina!
Pretty tease;
Nina is very sweet,
But hard to please.
Nina will hang her head
And answer "No,"
Although she knows that "*Yes*"
Would please me so.

Ah, little Nina!
I can tell
That, spite your teasing ways,
You love me well.
Heart beats for heart,
Mine tells me so;
And Nina's heart says "*Yes*"
When she says "*No.*"

F. CLARK.

* * * * *

RATHER?

FATHER: "But do you think you can make my daughter happy?"

SUITOR: "Happy! Why, you should just have seen her when I proposed!"

Mr. Bowler: "What's wrong with Toppe-Hatte to-day? He seems a bit ruffled."
Mr. Cap: "Somebody's rubbed him up the wrong way."

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Miss Mermaid: Neptune, mama says would you mind lending her your toasting fork this afternoon, as we are likely to have visitors to tea?"

* *

BORED.

A crusty old bachelor, when travelling lately by train, had the misfortune to be seated beside a woman with a baby that cried ceaselessly.

The woman dandled the baby, caressed it, jumped it up and down, and sang to it, but it only shrieked the louder. Finally, in despair, she cried: "Dear me! I don't know what to do with this child."

The bachelor leaned toward her.

"Shall I open the window for you, madam?" he said.

* * * * *

A LAD AND A LASS.

"A lass for me," a brave lad cried,
"So that my life complete may be!
I've health and wealth—has Heav'n denied
A lass for me?"

Ah, no! For, lo! at last came she,
The lass he longed for, Heav'n supplied,
And unto her he bowed the knee.

They wed. . . . But who is satisfied
In this strange world! For shortly he
Grew sad again, and hourly sighed—
"Alas for me!"

J. J. B.

* * * * *

We often wonder if the reason charity begins at home is that she covers a multitude of sins.

TRUE ENOUGH.

"Here," said the cranky patron of the reading-room, "you've been snoring horribly."

"Hey?" gurgled the drowsy patron.

"If you only kept your mouth shut," went on the cranky one, "you wouldn't make so much noise."

"Neither would you," replied the other.

* * * * *

THE MITE'S RETORT.

The following story is told of a well-known physician, who was extremely fond of dress, and who among his brother physicians was laughed at as an ignoramus. Few of his brothers had so lucrative a practice as he, and all the women of wealth for ten miles round about employed him.

One afternoon he called upon a lady, the young wife of a millionaire, to treat her for some slight indisposition. She sat on a sofa in her drawing-room. Her little daughter, a child of seven or eight years, was playing by the window. The physician, with his well-known manner, seated himself beside his pretty patient, looked sympathetically into her eyes, took her hand, and laid his finger on her pulse.

Grave and tender in this attitude he sat there motionless. Suddenly he happened to glance at the little girl. She was regarding him curiously.

"You don't know what I am doing, do you?" he said to her.

"Yes," replied the child, "you are making love to my mamma."

"Mein gracious man, hurry! the train's about to start! An extra ha'penny if you catch the train!"

"You ought to get a jolly fine Christmas Box, Master Caterpillar, if you hang all your stockings up!"

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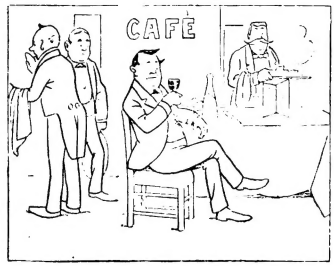
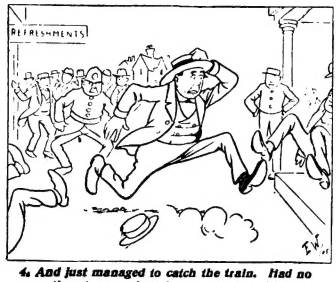
DIARY OF AN EXCURSIONIST.

1. Arrived safely. Had luncheon.



2. Had a hearty dinner—twelve courses.

3. Had a meat tea.



4. And just managed to catch the train. Had no time to see what the country was like.

* * * * * * * * *

GENERALLY RELIABLE.

JINKS: "About this courting business. Is a girl to be trusted when she gives you her word?"

HINKS: "Yes, I suppose so. Why do you ask?"

JINKS: "Miss Chilly gave me her word last night. It was 'No.'"

* * * * *

She was a dapper, horsey girl,
He was a chappie gay,
And when he asked her for her hand
She answered with a neigh.

* * * * *

LOOKING AHEAD.

MISS BLY: "A man with a past is always the most interesting kind, don't you think so?"

MISS SLY: "Well, no. To tell the truth, I am looking for one with a future."

* * * *

CAUSE FOR TROUBLE.

"Why do you look so troubled?" we asked the aspiring young poet.

"You'd be troubled, too," he sighed.

"What's up?"

"Why, that 'Don't Worry' poem I wrote has been rejected by a dozen editors."

FUNNY THING!

"Yes," said the man, "I have been thinking about moving to the country. Good for me and the family, you know, to get out where we could have a garden, and grass, and lots of fresh air, and all that sort of thing. But there's one peculiar feature about it that I cannot understand."

"What is it?" asked his friend.

"For the last two years everybody I know that has a country place has been urging me to move out of the city, and as soon as they had me converted every man Jack of them wanted to sell me his place."

* * * * *

The best of life is often wasted
By epicures before 'tis tasted.
Of all displays of wasted bliss,
The worst is when two women kiss.

* * * * *

ONE WAS ENOUGH.

ALGY: "Yaas, this morning when I got up I thought I'd put in most of the day playing golf, doncherknow, but awfter breakfast I thought better of it. I was really too tired."

MISS SHARP: "Yes; I should think two thoughts in one day would make you tired."

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DOUBTFUL ADVICE.

"Young man, it should be your aim at present to get a good start in life."

"I don't know, sir. Wouldn't it be better if I laid my plans so as to be sure of a good finish?"

* * * *

SHE FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.

Mrs. N. was giving instructions to her new maid.

"Before removing the soup plates, Mary, always ask each person if he or she would like any more."

"Very good, madam."

Next day Mary, respectfully bowing to one of the guests, inquired: "Would the gentleman like some more soup?"

"Yes, please."

"There isn't any left," was the reply.

* * * *

FATHER: "In choosing a wife, one should never judge by appearances."

SON: "That's right. Often the prettiest girls have the least money."

* * * *

WHAT IT LACKED.

They listen to the phonographic reproduction of the voice of the great *prima donna* in the marvellous *aria* from the grand opera.

"Is it not perfect?" asks one.

"It's pretty good," responds another.

"One could not find any fault with that, certainly."

"Still, there seems to be something lacking."

"What is it?"

"I hardly know. Oh! I've got it. You can't hear the chatter in the boxes."

* * * *

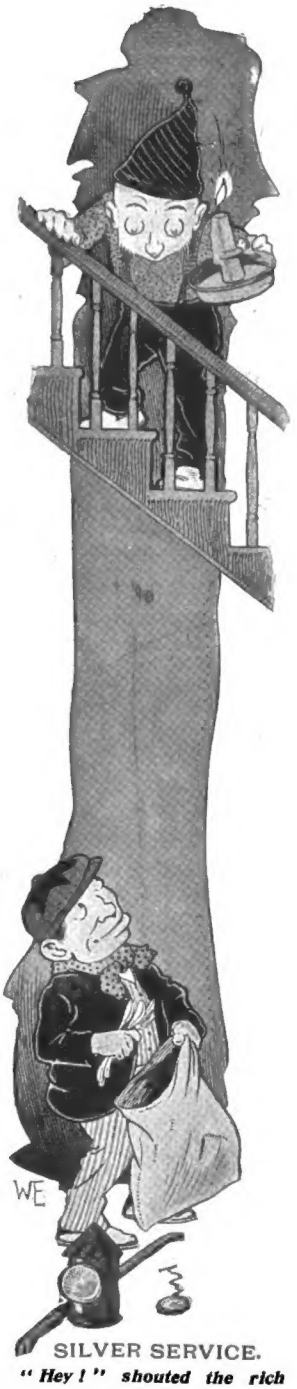
HOW SHE REFUSED HIM.

Having read your sweet effusion,
I am forced to the conclusion
You are under the delusion
That I love but you alone.

'Mong a score my love's divided,
And of all the hearts provided,
I am really undecided,
Which shall call me all its own.

So I'm not prepared to marry,
And, therefore, my dearest Harry,
You had best no longer tarry,
But select another Joan.

CLIFFORD BARLOW.



SILVER SERVICE.

"Hey!" shouted the rich man, peering cautiously over the stairway, "I want you."

"Well," chuckled the burglar, reaching for the silver, "I am at your service, sir."

O HOW Q-RIOUS.

When I was young and handsome—
Many long, long years ago—
I loved a pretty maiden;
And when absent, with an O,
I'd recall her lovely features
In the manner shown below:

And a like result would follow,
When this charming little girlie
Would recall my manly features,
Using letter Q so twirly;
With just four more twirls so dainty,
She'd produce my photo, fairly:

* *

TO THE MANNER BORN.

"We think baby will make a great politician."

"Why?"

"Well, he crawls out of everything so easily."

* * *

Half of us are wondering where we shall spend our summer holidays, and half of us are wondering whether we shall have anything to spend on them.

* * * *

PRACTICAL.

"And we'll live on love, won't we, dear?"

"No, George; if you're that kind of a man we'd better quit now. I shall want some roast beef and cabbage, and a few such side dishes."

* * *

While you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, this does not excuse us for having broken so many eggs and made so few omelettes.

* * * *

BOMBARDMENT.

STUBB: "I read that the ancient suitors of Egypt used to inscribe their love letters on bricks."

PENN: "Goodness, suppose the girl got angry and returned all the letters by throwing them!"

* * * *

Faith is that quality which leads a man to expect that his flower garden will resemble the views shown in the seed catalogue.

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HER DILEMMA.

MRS. NUBRIDE (excitedly): "Oh, John, please send off a telegram for me, quick!"

MR. NUBRIDE: "My dearest, what has happened?"

MRS. NUBRIDE: "Why, I'm taking a correspondence course in cookery, and the cake I made is running all over the oven. I want to telegraph and ask them what I am to do."

* * * *

ON THE ROAD.

"Young man," said the long-faced individual, "do you know you are on the road to ruin?"

"Really?" replied the rake. "Then what are you doing on it—going or coming?"

* * * *

THE LAZY COMPANY.

During the Civil War in America, a captain of a company which had sixty men in its ranks, none of whom was as energetic as the officer thought they should be, hit upon a plan which he thought would cure their habits of laziness. One morning, after roll call, the captain, addressing his company, said:

"I have a nice easy job for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man step to the front?"

Instantly fifty-nine men took a step forward.

"Why didn't you step to the front?" inquired the commander of the one man who did not come.

"I was too lazy," replied the soldier.

* * * * *

MRS. SNAPPEM (who has been suffering from toothache): "Thank goodness, I've had that tooth out at last."

MR. SNAPPEM: "Happy tooth."

MRS. SNAPPEM: "What do you mean?"

MR. SNAPPEM: "It's out of reach of your tongue."

* * * * *

CALLING IT SQUARE.

MAMMA: "Why, Johnny, is it possible you are at the jam again, after I whipped you an hour ago for stealing it?"

JOHNNY: "Yes, mother. I heard you tell grandma you had whipped me too hard, so I thought I'd make it even."

* * * * *

JANE'S MISTAKE
My precious Doll has lost an eye
To put it in I thought I'd try
From mother's work-box
Then I took.
A little Eye without a Hook
But tho' I sewed it on
quite tight
It does'nt look to me
quite right!

FLATTERING.

YOUNG FEATHERTOP: If your parents still oppose your marrying, why can't we elope?"

MISS SHARPE: It would never do. Everybody who knows us both would say that I suggested it."

* * * *

TWO OF A KIND.

MARGIE: "I wonder if Mr. Smartly meant to give me a left-handed compliment?"

RITA: "Why?"

MARGIE: "He said these artificial flowers I am wearing just match my hair."

* * * *

BOY NATURE.

"Let's go over to Baxter's pond to skate."

"Oh, it's too far. Let's skate here on the stream."

"But the ice is heaps thinner over at Baxter's."

"All right. Come on."

* * * *

WHEN WEALTH DID NOT ATTRACT.

JACK: "There are times when I care nothing for riches—when I would not so much as put forth a hand to receive millions."

ETHEL: "Indeed! That must be when you are tired of the world and its struggles and vanities—when your soul yearns for higher and nobler things. Is it not?"

JACK: "N—no, you are wrong."

ETHEL: "Then when is it?"

JACK: "When I'm sleeping."

* * * * *

SHE WAS RIGHT.

KIND LADY: "How many are there in the family besides yourself?"

LITTLE AMY: "Four—mamma, papa, sister, and a distant relative."

KIND LADY: "That is only three. The distant relative is not a member of the family."

LITTLE AMY: "Oh, yes, he is. He is my brother."

KIND LADY: "Your brother! Then he isn't a distant relative?"

LITTLE AMY: "Yes, he is—he is in Australia."

* * * * *

There is no success so sweet as the success achieved by acting against the advice of our friends.

* * * * *

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

FUTURE SHAKESPEARES.

THE children of the present age are very wise, as I have good reason to know, considering the extraordinary amount of comparatively excellent literary and artistic work which children under fifteen years of age send here for my consideration. None of it is quite mature and strong enough for serious publication, but much of it does not fall very far below the mark.

Artistic work and fiction are, perhaps, the least good; it is, above all, in verse that the young generation excels. I receive a lot of humorous verse from children—verse full of quaint turns of phrase, and surprisingly wise at times. But Poetry (with a big P) is by no means neglected, and though the embryo Shakespeares are seldom very sure on their metrical feet, pretty thoughts and literary expressions are never wanting.

One boy of fifteen sent me not very long ago a poem in praise of Japan written with astonishing spirit—a wonderful piece of work for a person of his age. I couldn't use it, but I advised him to try his hand at other and less ambitious forms of literary art, and soon afterwards I received a short story from his pen. Alas, the disappointment!

The plot of the tale was ridiculously childish and the writing so marvellously bad that I wrote to the young author to ascertain whether he had really written the verses. His reply was indignantly affirmative. Of course, he had written the verses—every word of them. He couldn't write stories and he couldn't do sums. But poetry was his forte: he could reel off any amount of it. And he inclosed a few more specimens of his rhymed work almost as extraordinary as the ode to Japan.

I mean to keep my eye on that young man. The world will hear about him one of these days.

ANOTHER SURVIVOR!

I received a very funny letter a few days ago from a gentleman living in East London. He began by saying he had read my "Survivors' Tales of Great Events" with keen interest. "I daresay," he went on, "you are familiar with my name." In some excitement I turned to the writer's signature —"Arthur Jones" (that wasn't really his name, but one equally well known). With some mystification I read on: "My house was burned down a week ago. I lost over £200 worth of property and narrowly escaped being burned alive. Would you care for my experiences in your series?"

It tickled me to think of your astonished faces had I taken and published the article! How gorgeous an anticlimax! After all the thrills and glories of Balaclava, Navarino, Gettysburg, and Rorke's Drift—Mr. Arthur Jones' escape from his Hackney home!

THE NOBLE ART.

A lot of the information contained in the interesting article, published in a recent number, "The Boxer's Point of View," was obtained from an ex-prizefighter, of considerable fame in his day—Mr. Barney Scannell.

I went to call on him myself, and spent a very pleasant hour in his pretty little cottage at Stanwell, listening to many grand conflicts of the past. Barney, as he likes best to be called, may claim to have introduced English boxing into France, and the yarns he tells of his experiences across the Channel are a treat to listen to. I never met a more vigorous *raconteur* in my life. If you were stone deaf you could follow the drift of his conversation, so forcible and dramatic are his gestures, so telling the expressions that chase each other over his face.

Barney, by the way, is a first-rate teacher of the "noble art." So remember, if any of you want to learn boxing, all you have to do is to drop me a line, and I will put you into communication with my man. I thought of taking a few lessons myself. An editor, as you all know, is a man who lives in perpetual danger of assault, and it just dawned on me that I might save the money I pay my "fighting editor" by becoming a proficient myself.

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